



SWING SISSON



POISON IVY



BIG TOP



ROSCOE



SHENANIGAN

FEATURE COMICS

I.C.D.
1

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

JANUARY
No.130

The **DOLL MAN**
rolls out
THE BARREL!

10¢

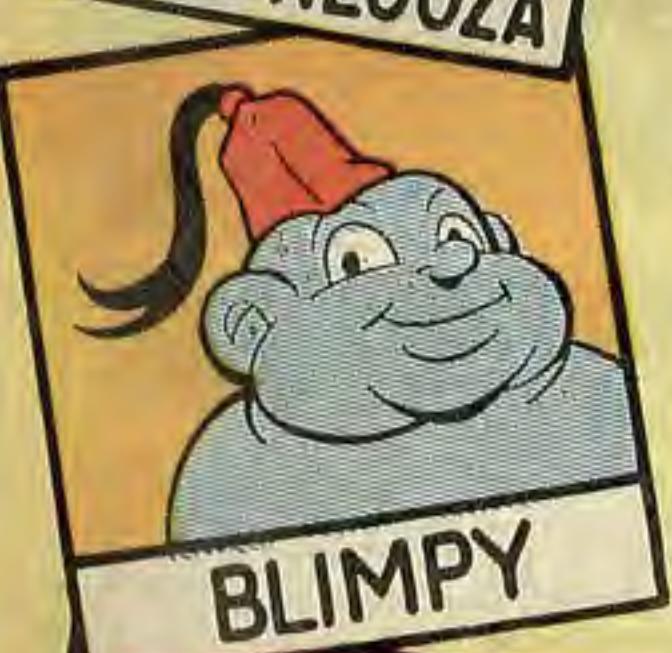
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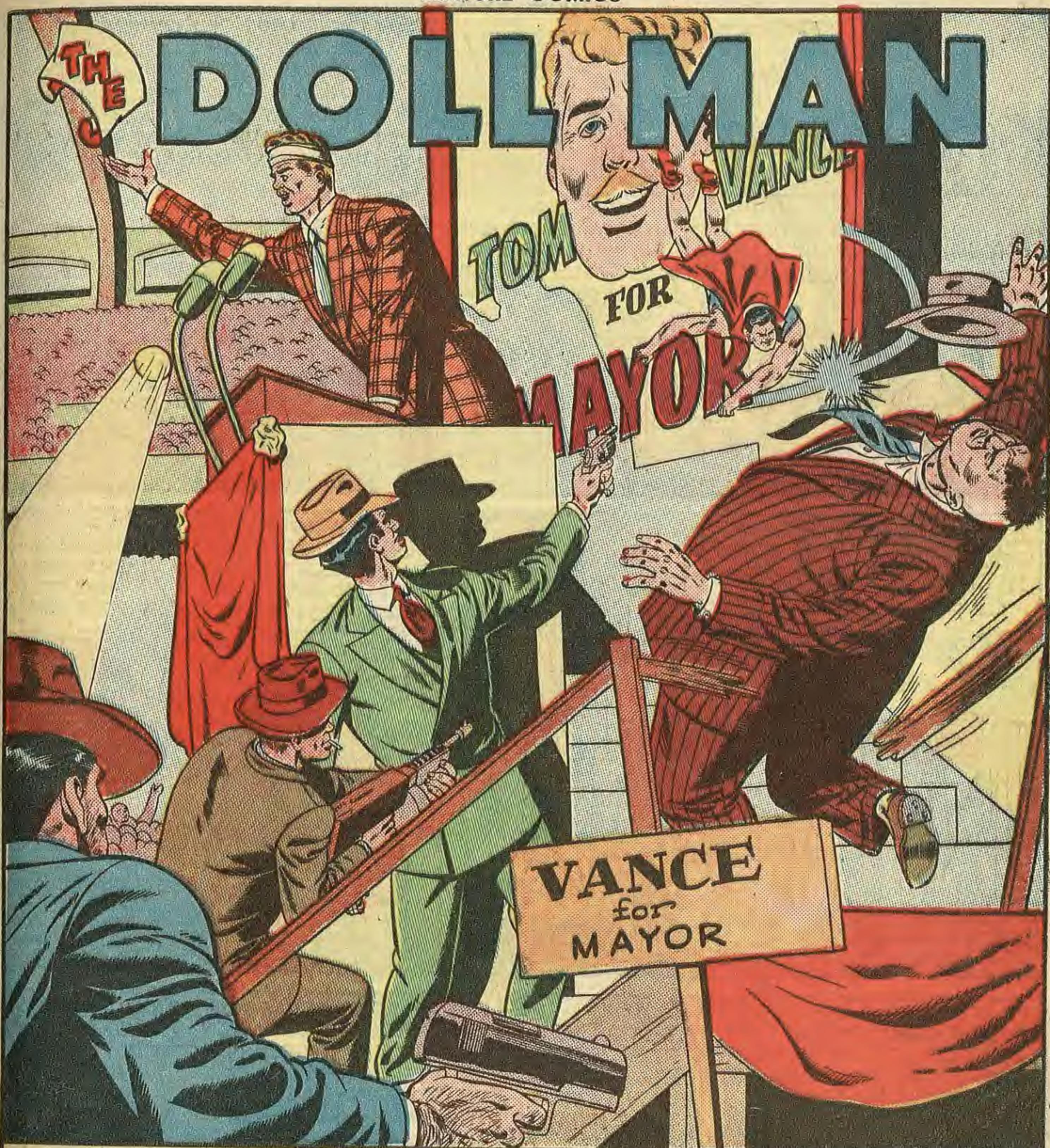
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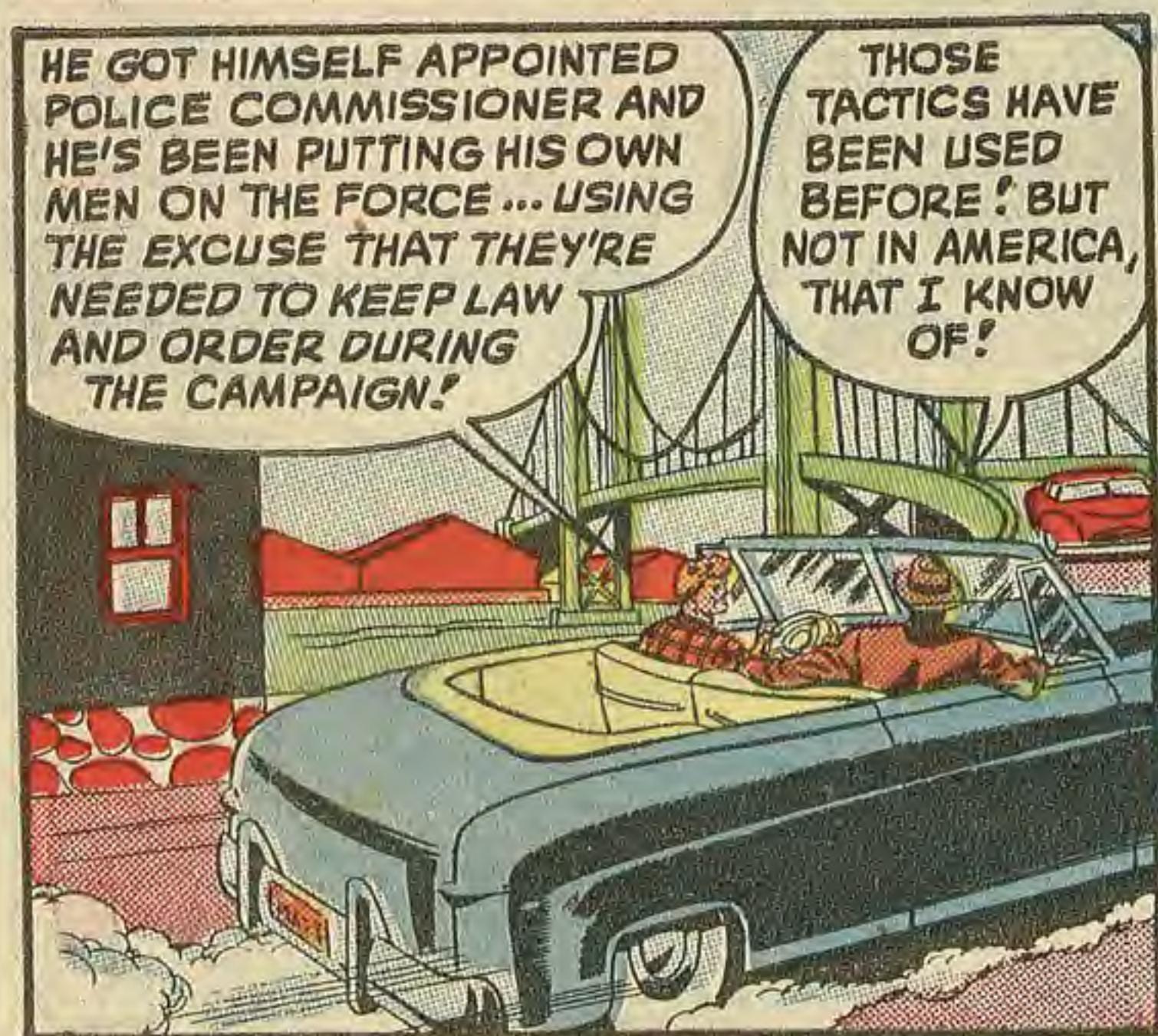
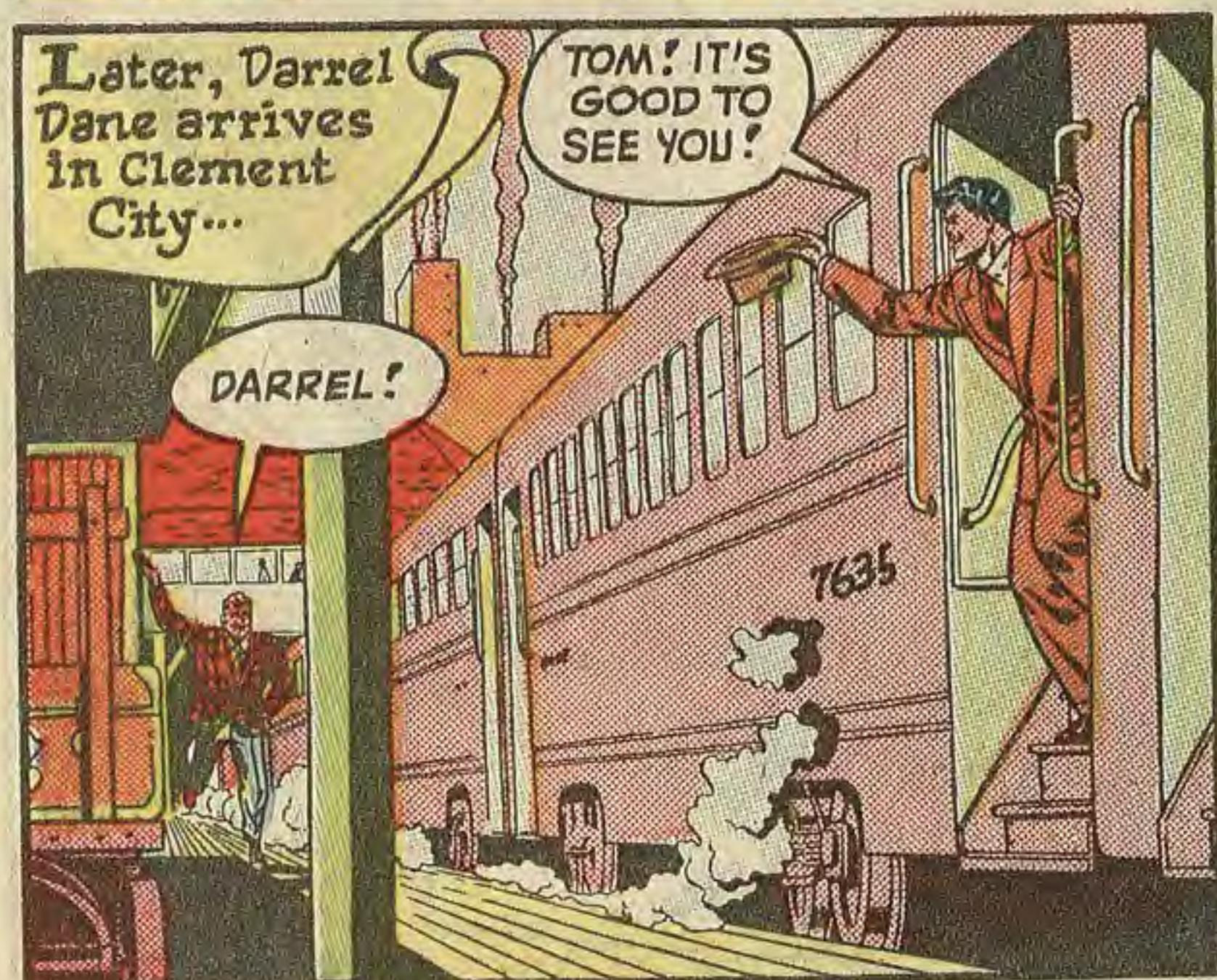
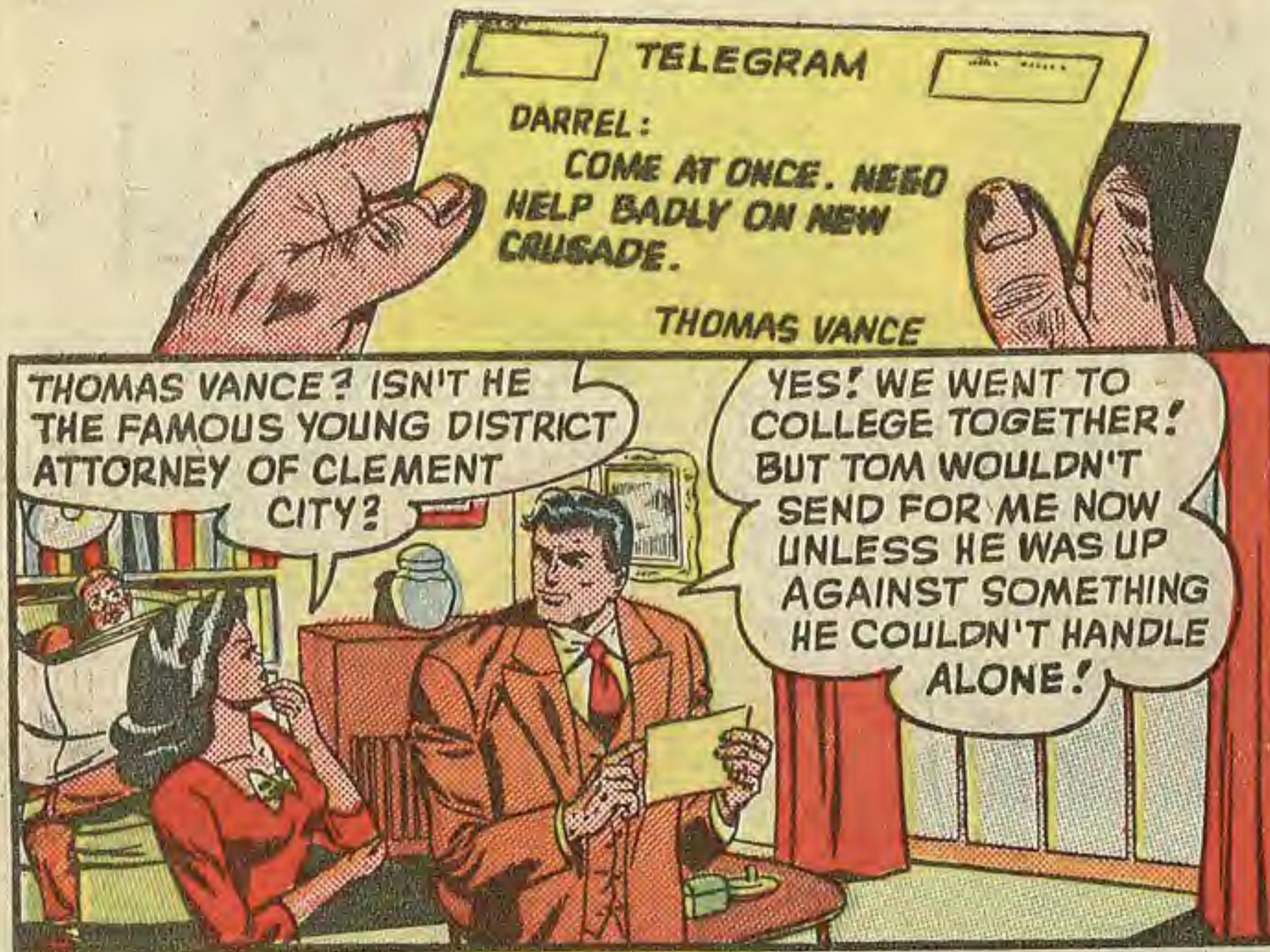
ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

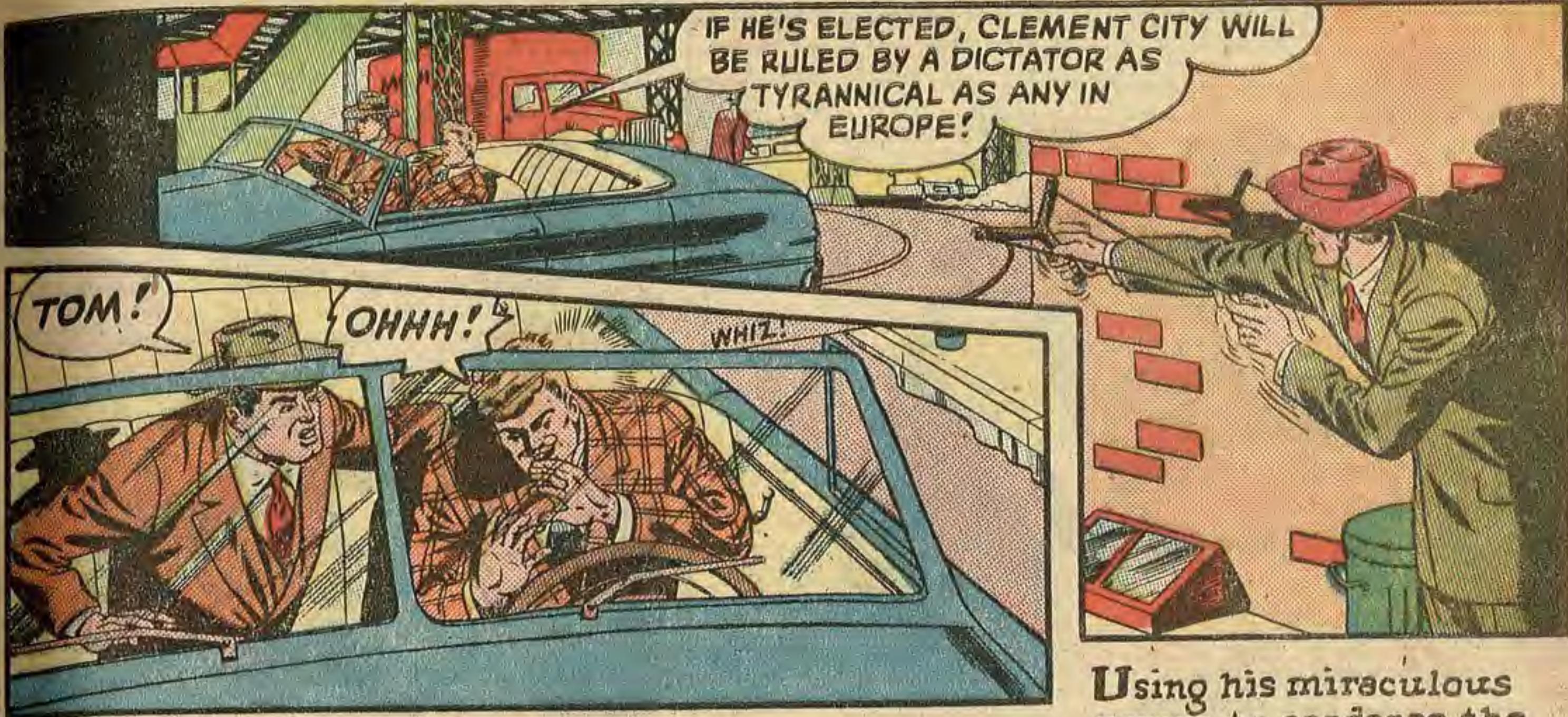


He is no ordinary criminal... this man known as **THE BARREL!** Crime in the usual sense is not his occupation! For he intends to steal a CITY!

THE DOLL MAN, world's mightiest mite, needs all his miraculous powers to foil the most ambitious thief of all time, and save a modern metropolis from becoming **CRIMETOWN, U.S.A.!**



FEATURE COMICS



**WHEW! I GRABBED THE WHEEL
JUST IN TIME! WE NEARLY HAD
A BAD SMASHUP...ALL ON
ACCOUNT OF A
SLINGSHOT!**

I'LL BET IT WAS ATTEMPTED MURDER? BUT THEY WENT TO A LOT OF TROUBLE TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE A PRANK!

Using his miraculous power to condense the molecules of his body, Darrel Dane becomes the world's mightiest mite ... ***The DOLL MAN!***

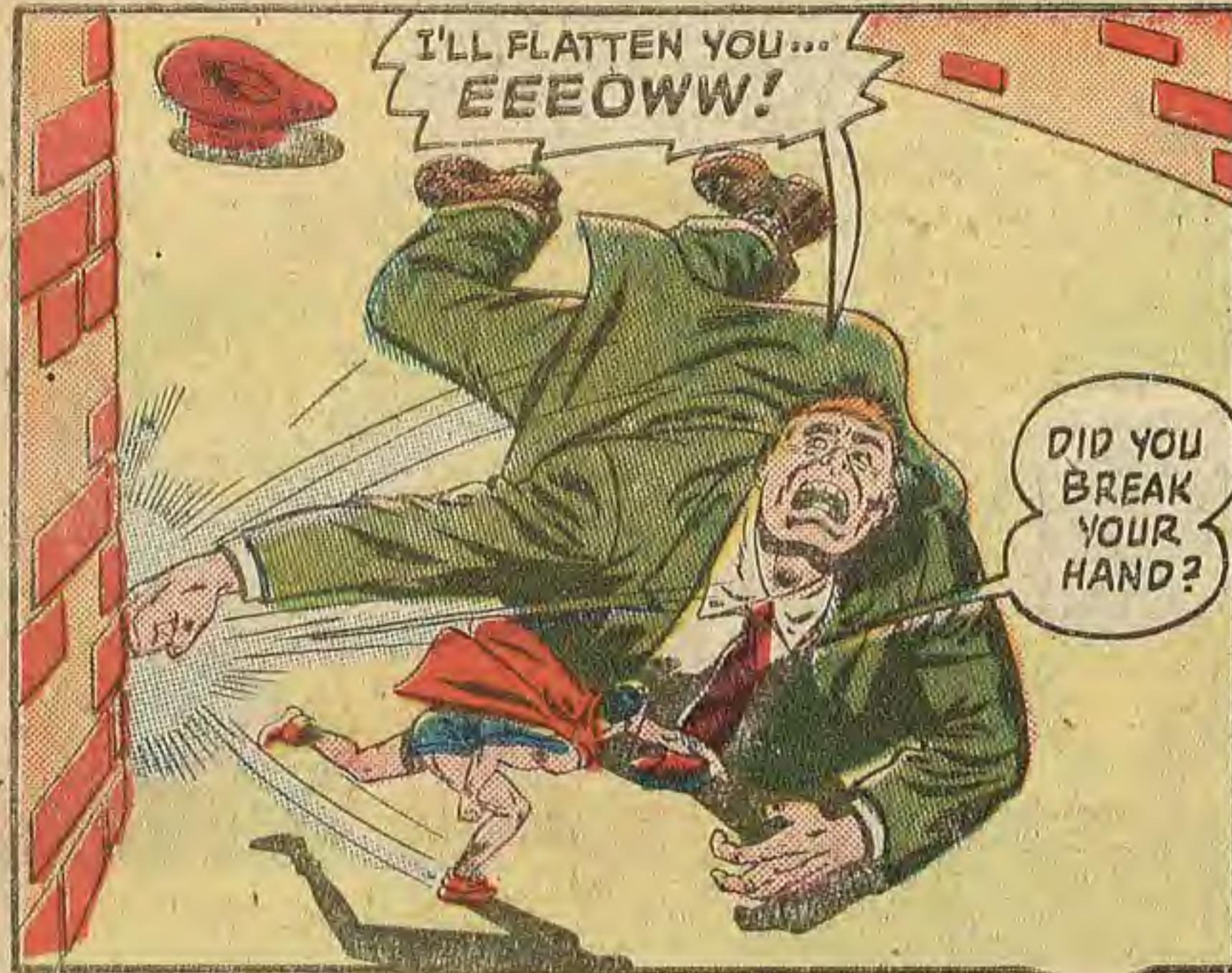


**AND THERE'S THE
MUG WHO SNAPPED
THE SLINGSHOT!**

YOUR AIM WAS GOOD!
BUT YOU'RE PRETTY
SLOW ON THE
GETAWAY!



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS

MY SUPPORTERS ARE SPEAKING AT RALLIES ALL OVER THE CITY TONIGHT! WE'LL GET THE PEOPLE TO LISTEN TO US!

YOU CAN COUNT ON ME, TOM! I'LL DO EVERYTHING I CAN!

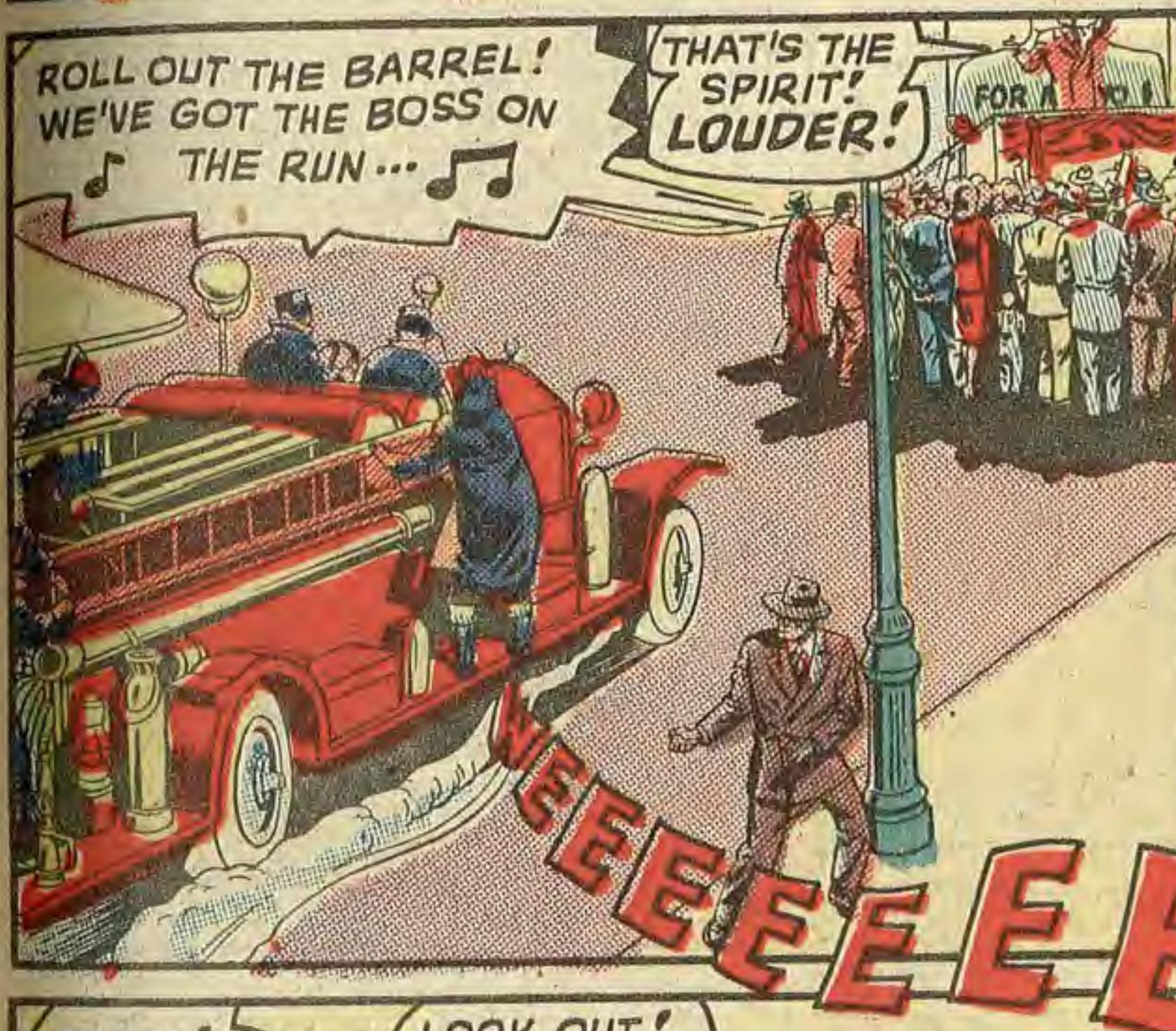


Darrel Dane is as good as his word! That night, at an election rally...



ROLL OUT THE BARREL!
WE'VE GOT THE BOSS ON
THE RUN... ♫

THAT'S THE SPIRIT!
LOUDER!



LISTEN TO 'EM!
ALL HEATED UP...

YEAH! WE'LL COOL 'EM OFF!



OHHH!

LOOK OUT!
YOU'RE ALL WET!

HA, HA,
HA, HA!

SPLASH!



THE BARREL'S LOOKING FOR TROUBLE AGAIN! NO ONE'S WATCHING ME, SO...



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



Soon
the Doll
Man
finishes
Darrel
Dane's
speech...



Meanwhile, in the Barrel's headquarters...



JUST REMIND ME TO FIRE THE COPS WHO MADE THOSE ARRESTS! AND THERE'LL BE PLENTY MORE CHANGES WHEN I'M ELECTED MAYOR!

YOU DIDN'T HEAR THE WORST! DOLL MAN'S CAMPAIGNING AGAINST YOU! HE'S TALKING AT EVERY ONE OF VANCE'S MEETINGS TONIGHT!

HE'S SWINGING PLENTY OF VOTES, TOO! I--I'M AFRAID YOU'RE NOT GOIN' TO WIN THIS ELECTION, BOSS!

DON'T COUNT

YOUR BALLOTS UNTIL THEY'RE SCRATCHED! I'LL FIX THIS ELECTION SO I CAN'T LOSE!

Next day, the voters of Clement City flock to the polls...

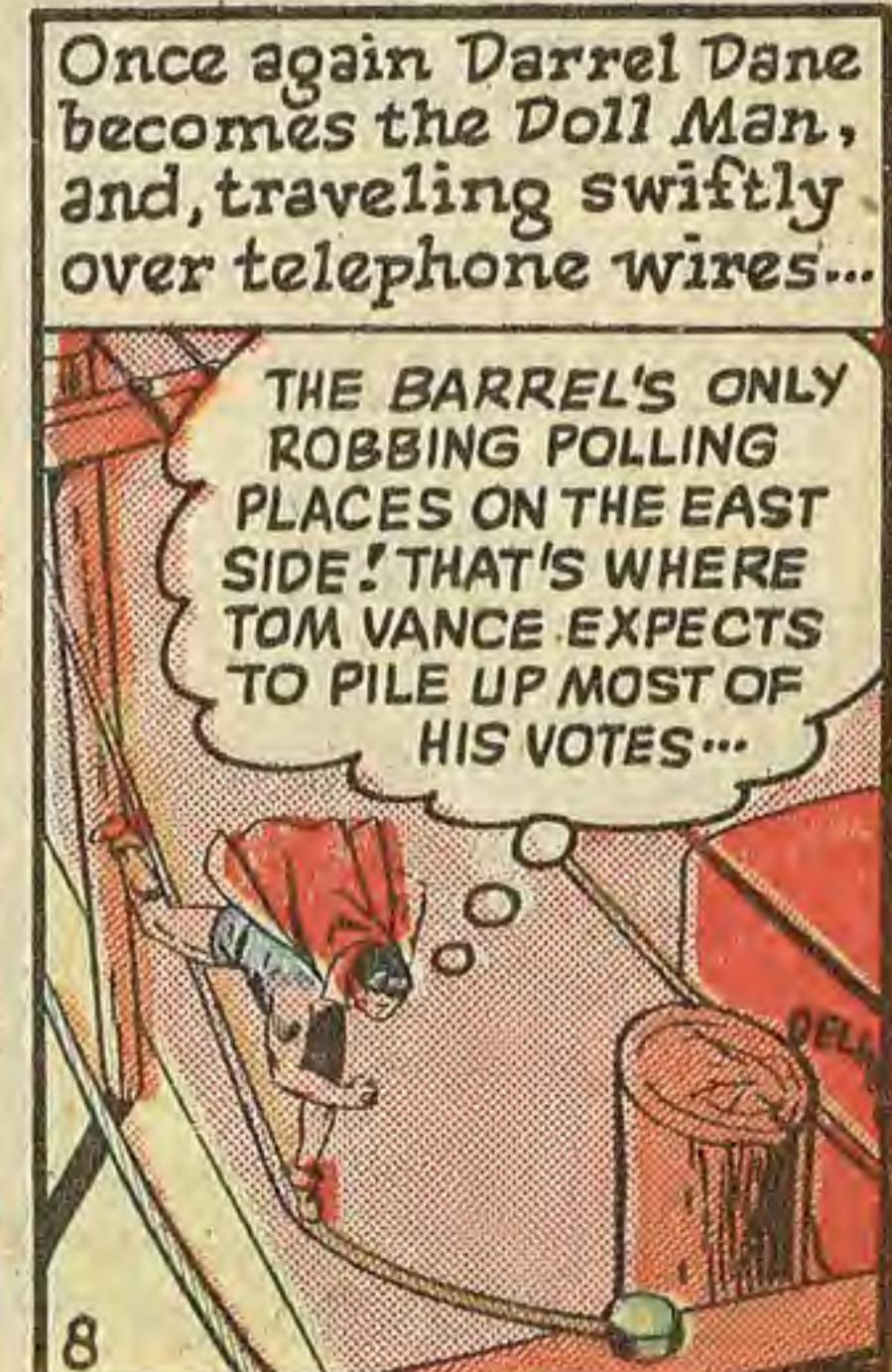
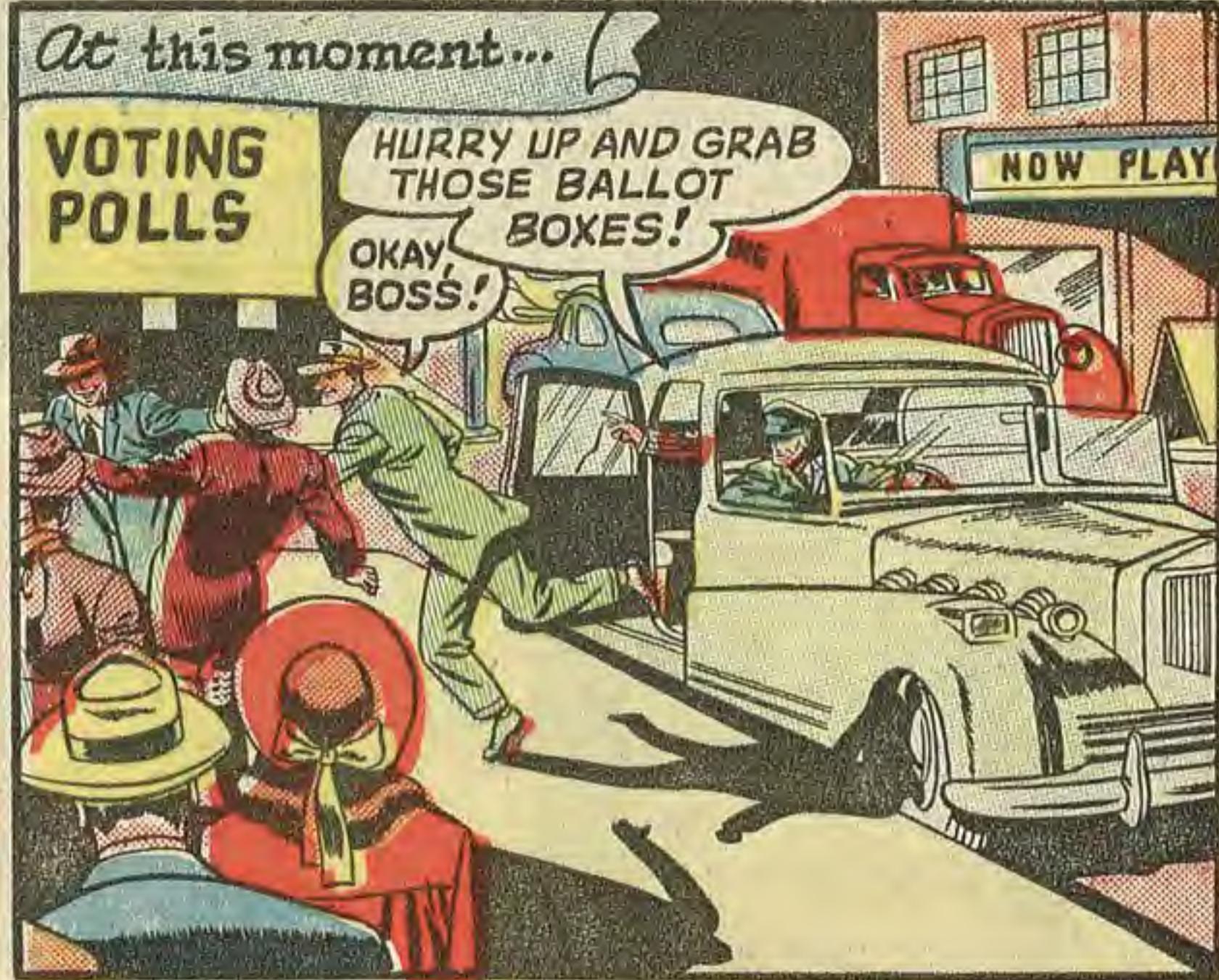


IT'S AN IMPRESSIVE SCENE, TOM! EVERY ELECTION DAY IS PROOF THAT IN AMERICA THE PEOPLE HAVE THE LAST WORD!

PROVIDED THAT IN THIS TOWN THE BARREL DOESN'T TRY ANY MORE TRICKS!

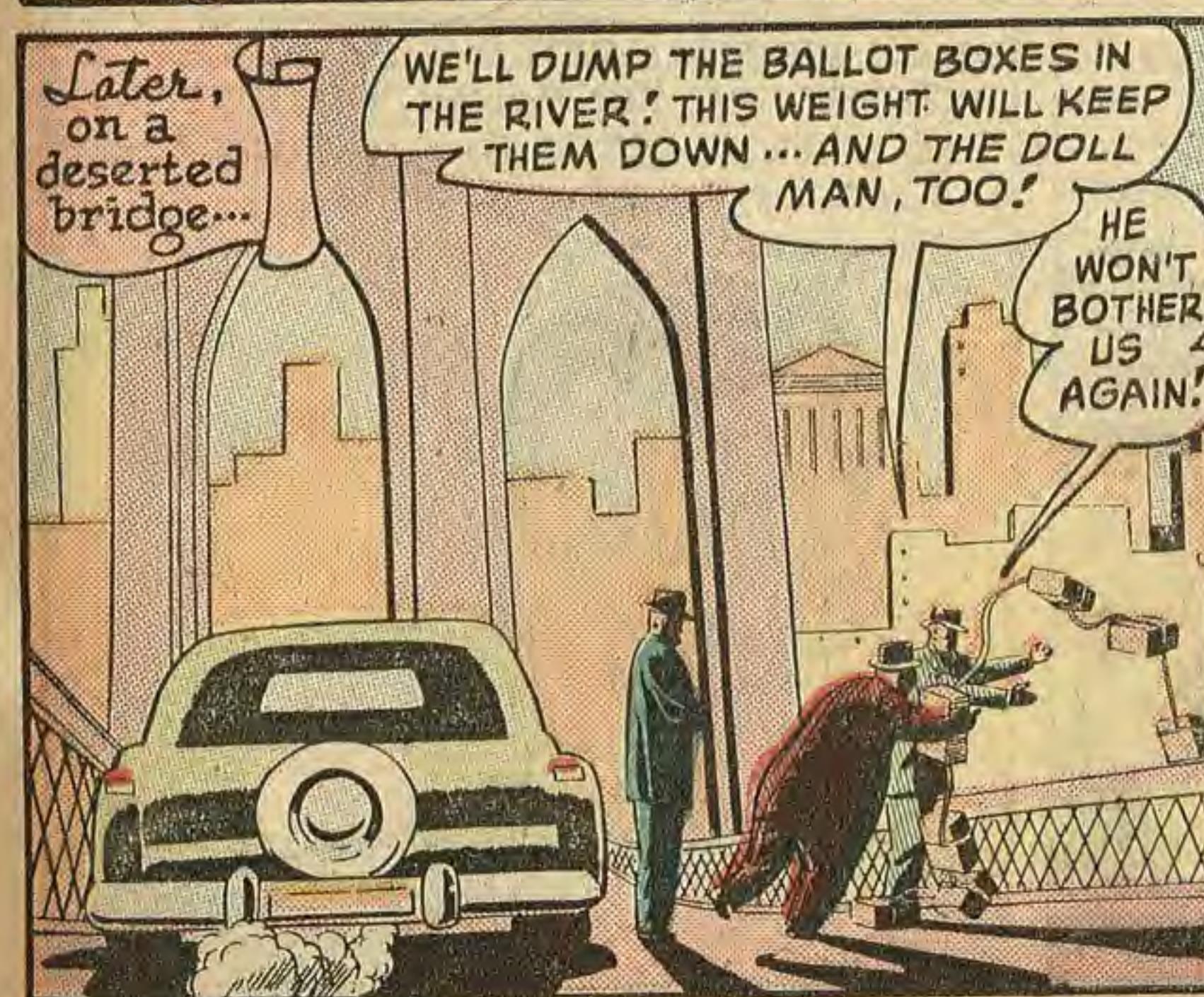
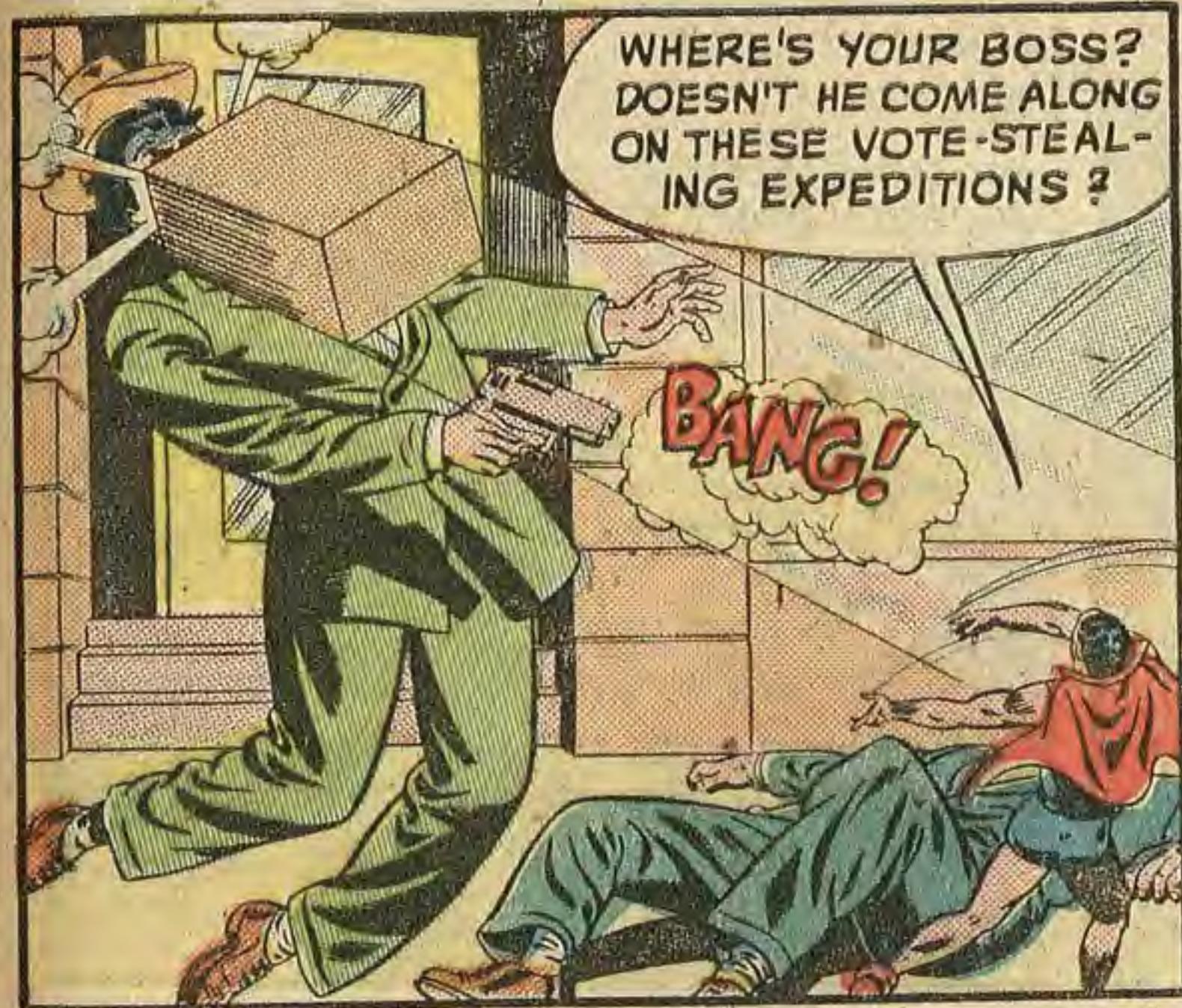
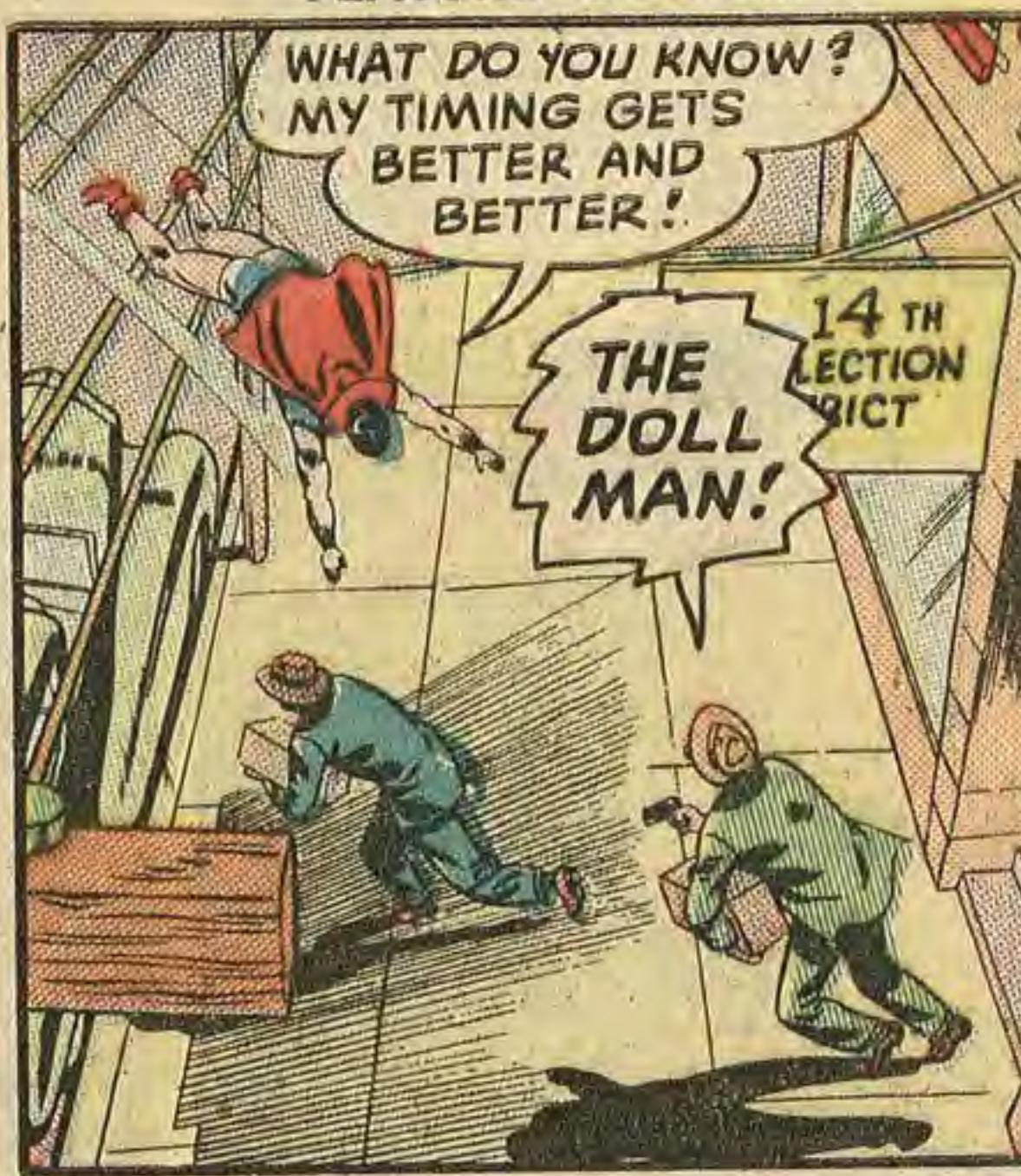


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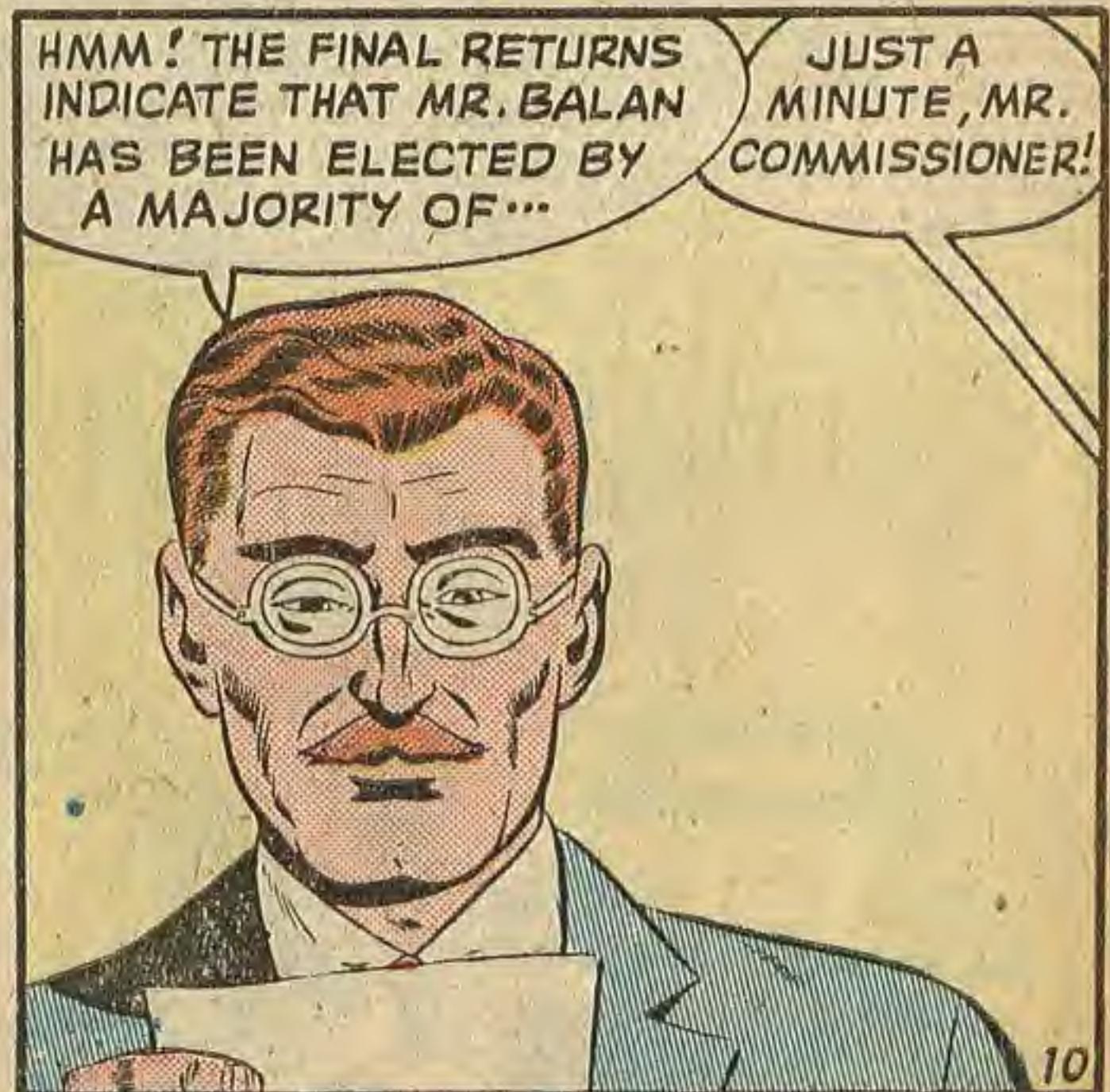
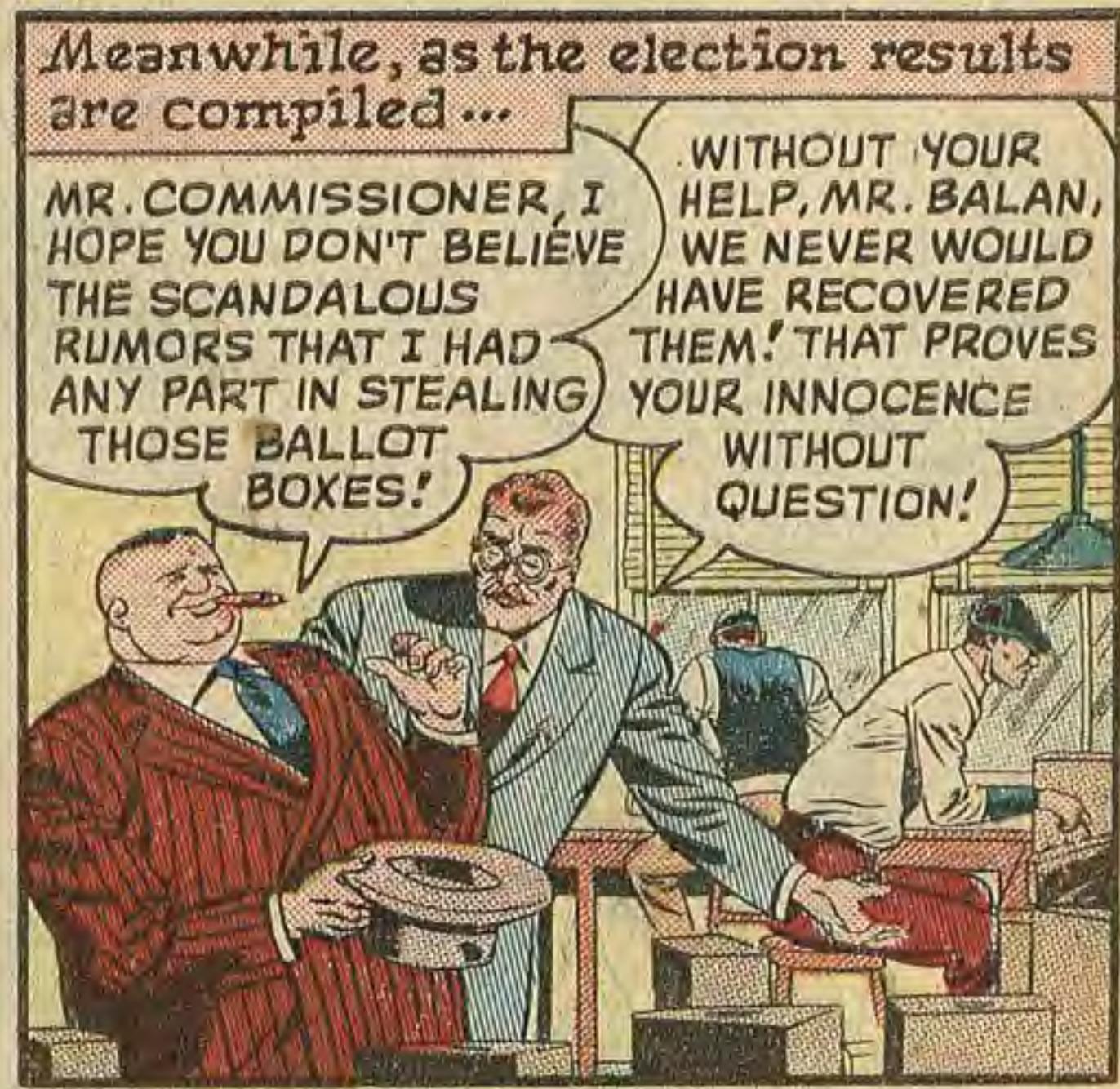
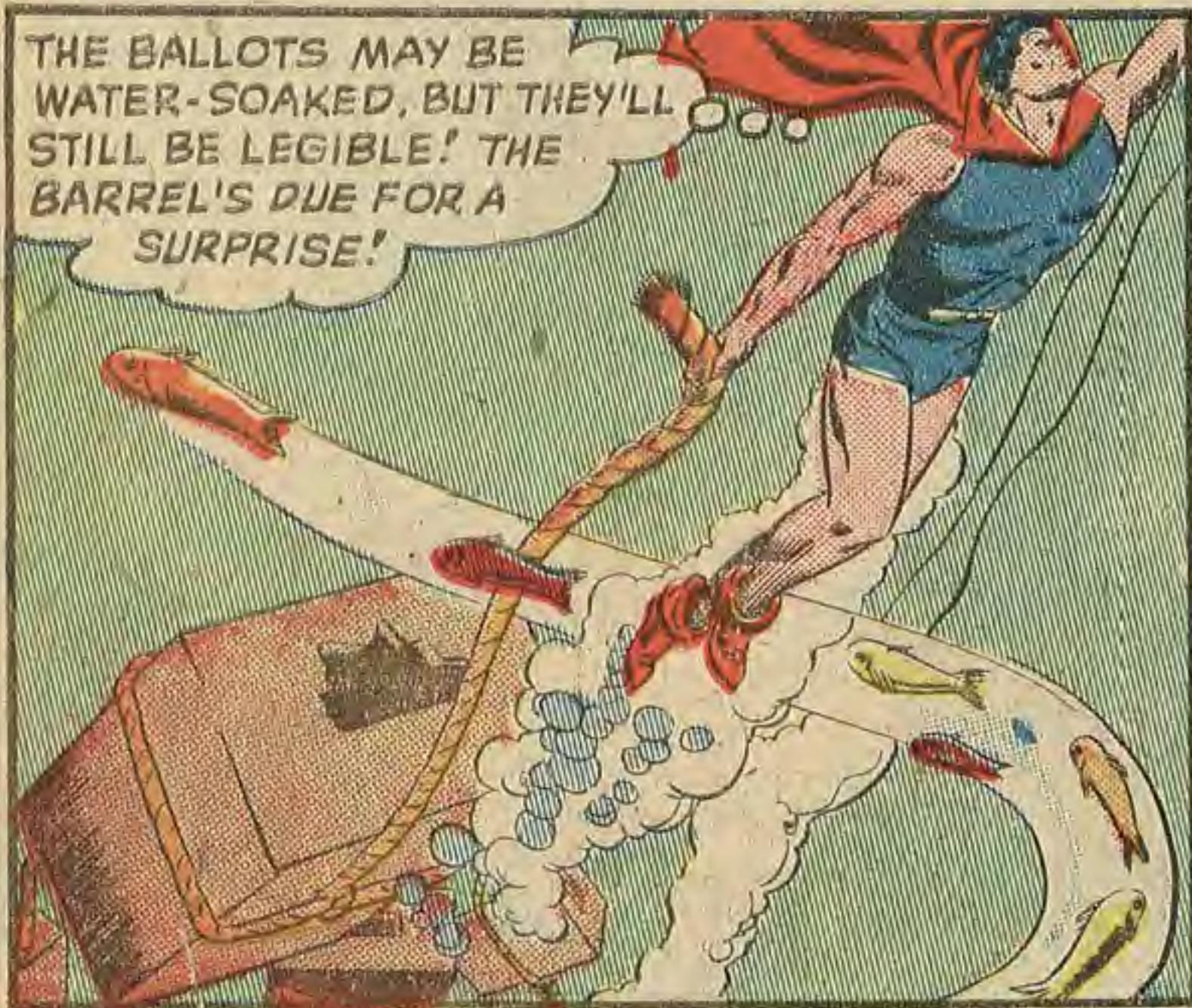
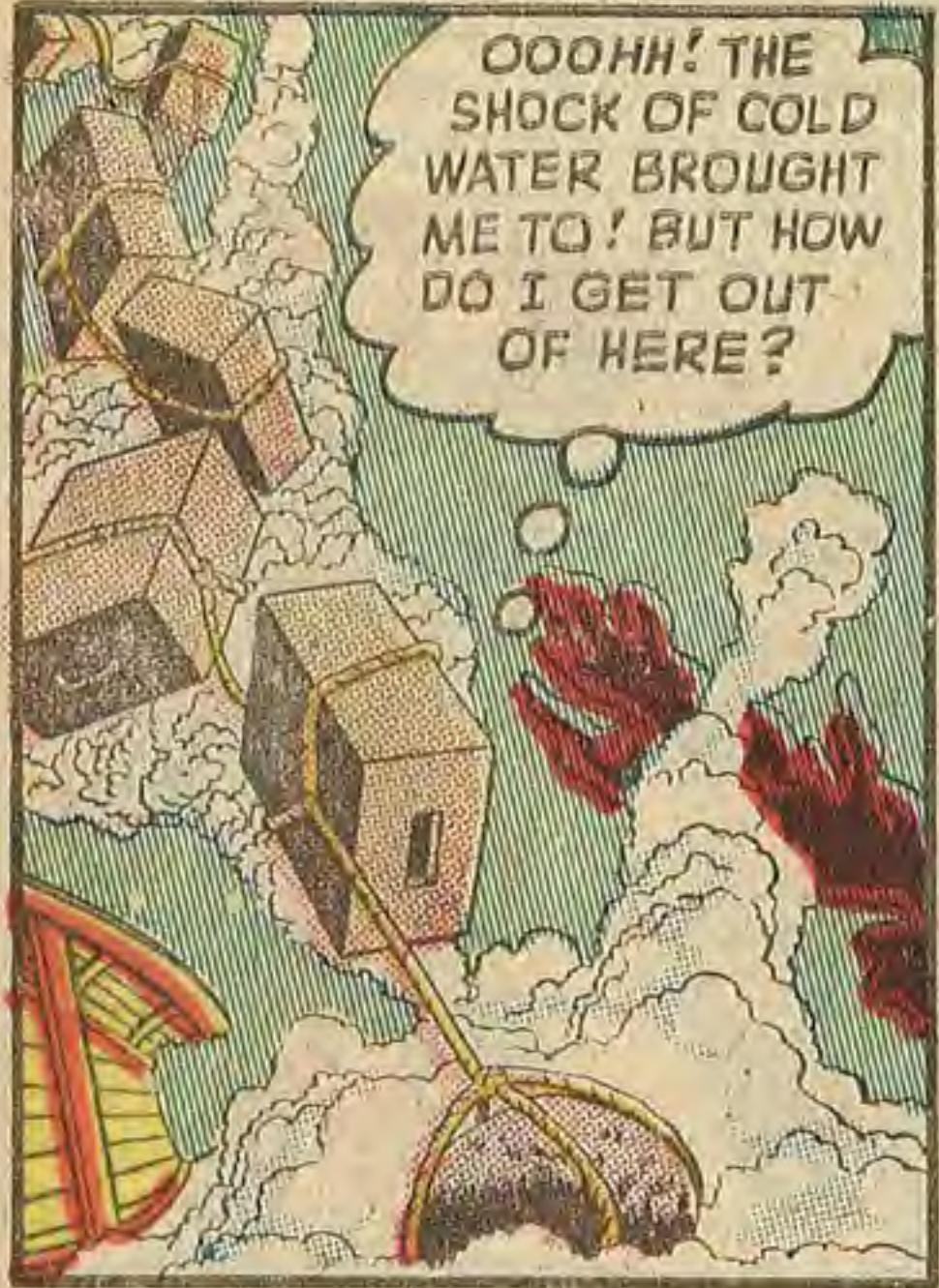


THE BARREL'S ONLY ROBBING POLLING PLACES ON THE EAST SIDE! THAT'S WHERE TOM VANCE EXPECTS TO PILE UP MOST OF HIS VOTES...

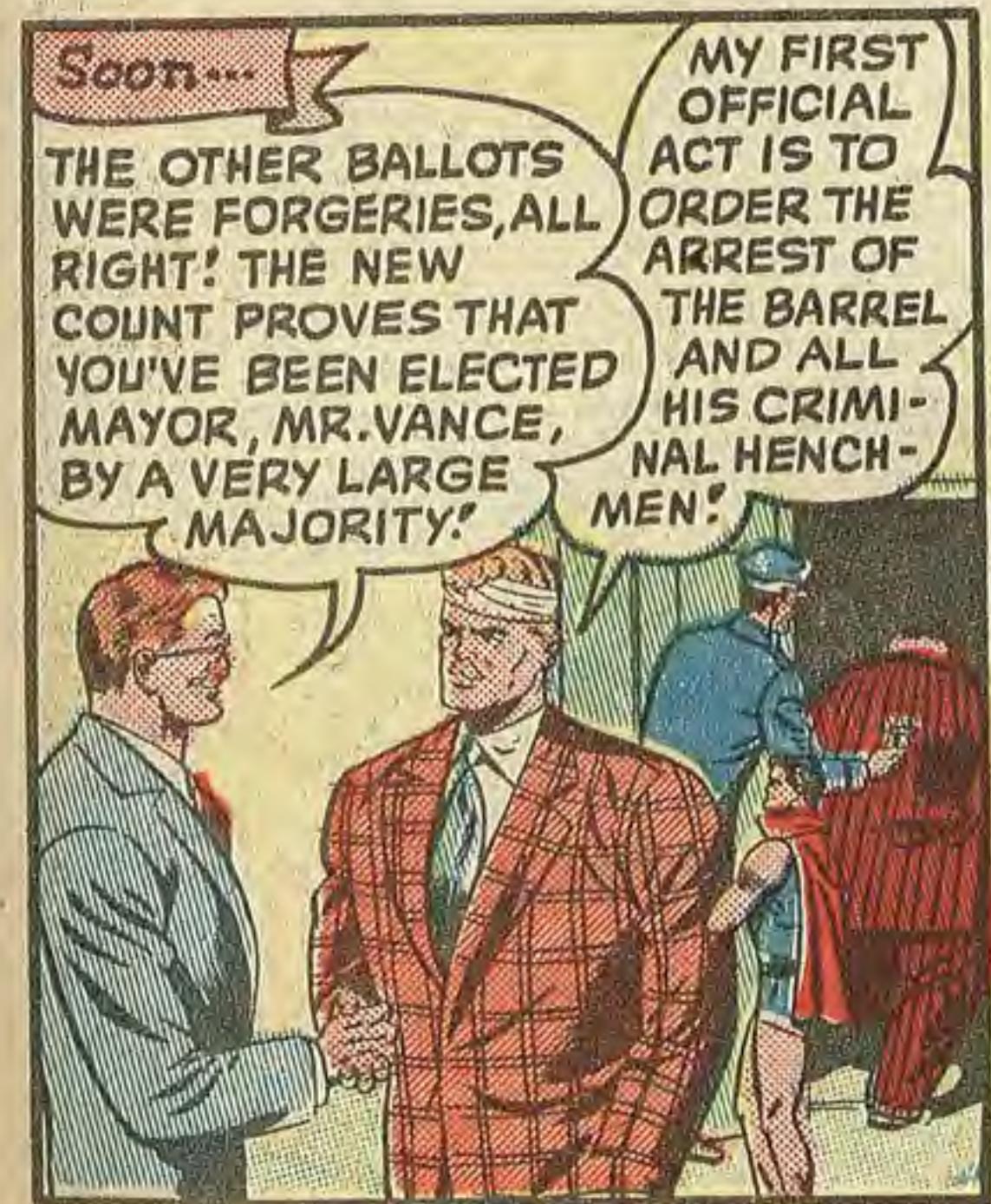
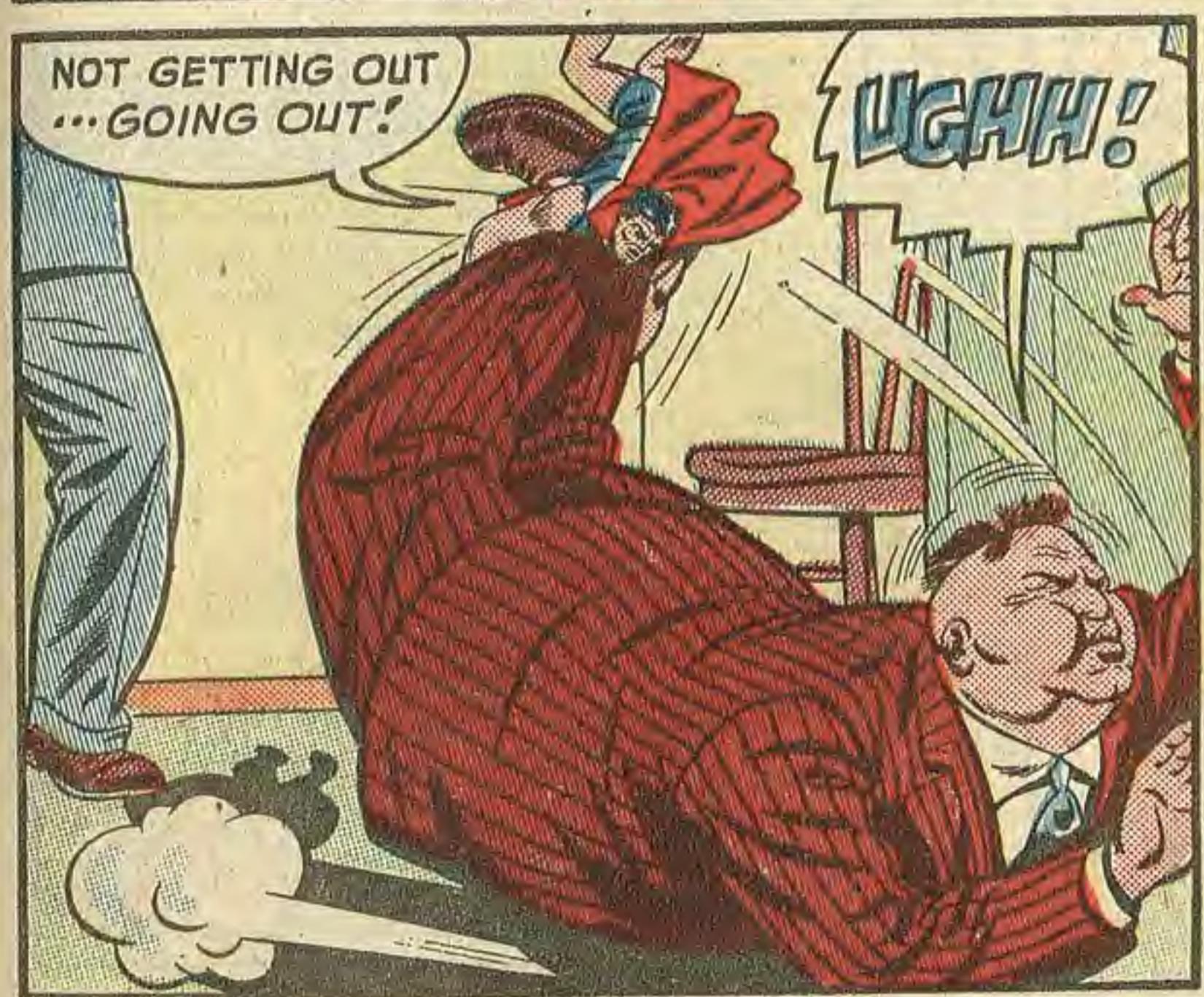
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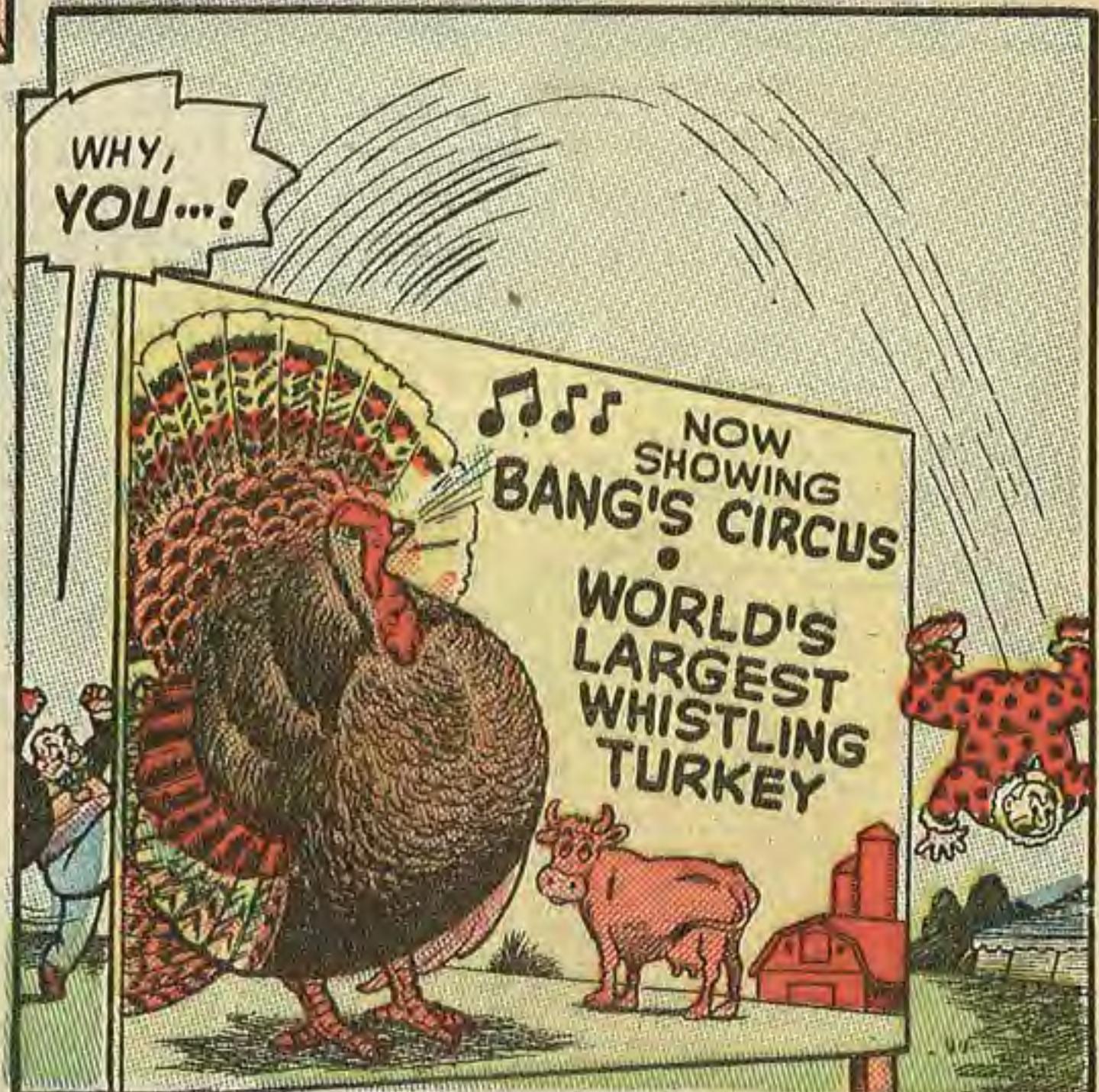
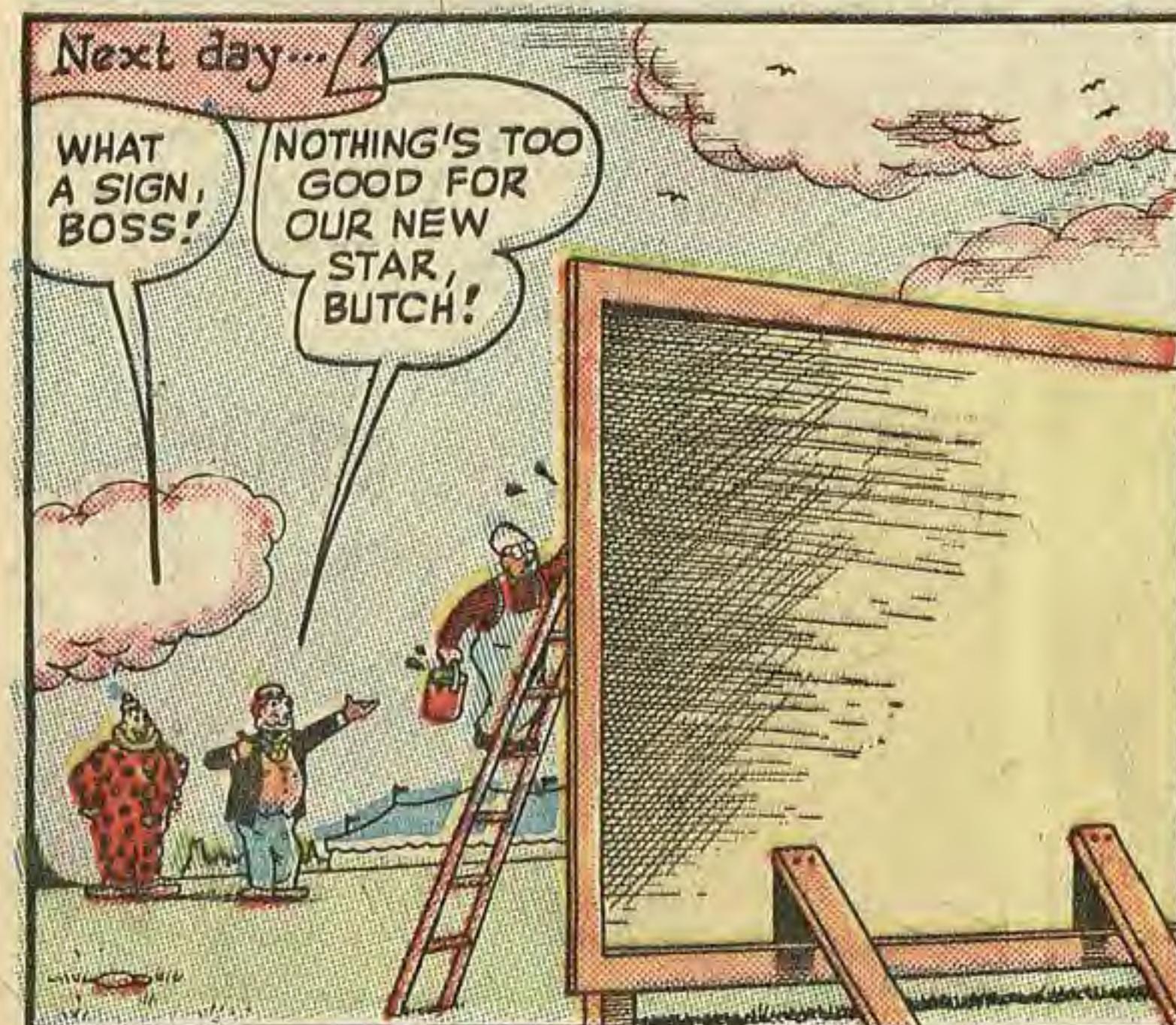


FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS

BIG TOP



FEATURE COMICS

BUT I TELL YOU THAT SCALE PREDICTS THE FUTURE WITH UNCANNY ACCURACY! IT SAID I WAS GONNA GET THE MUMPS AND I DID!

POISON IVY

AW BALONEY! WATCH!

FORTUNE TELLING SCALE

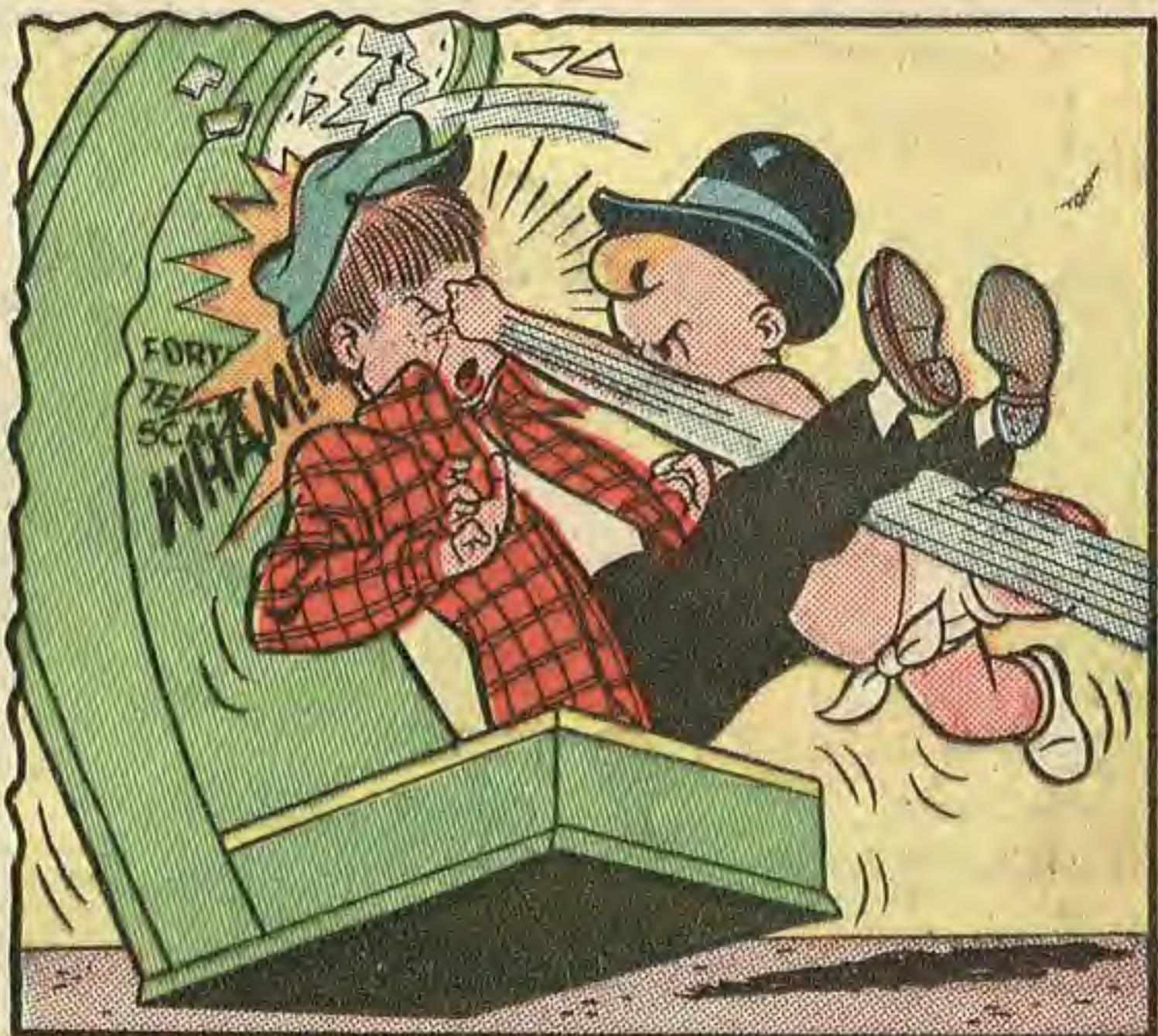
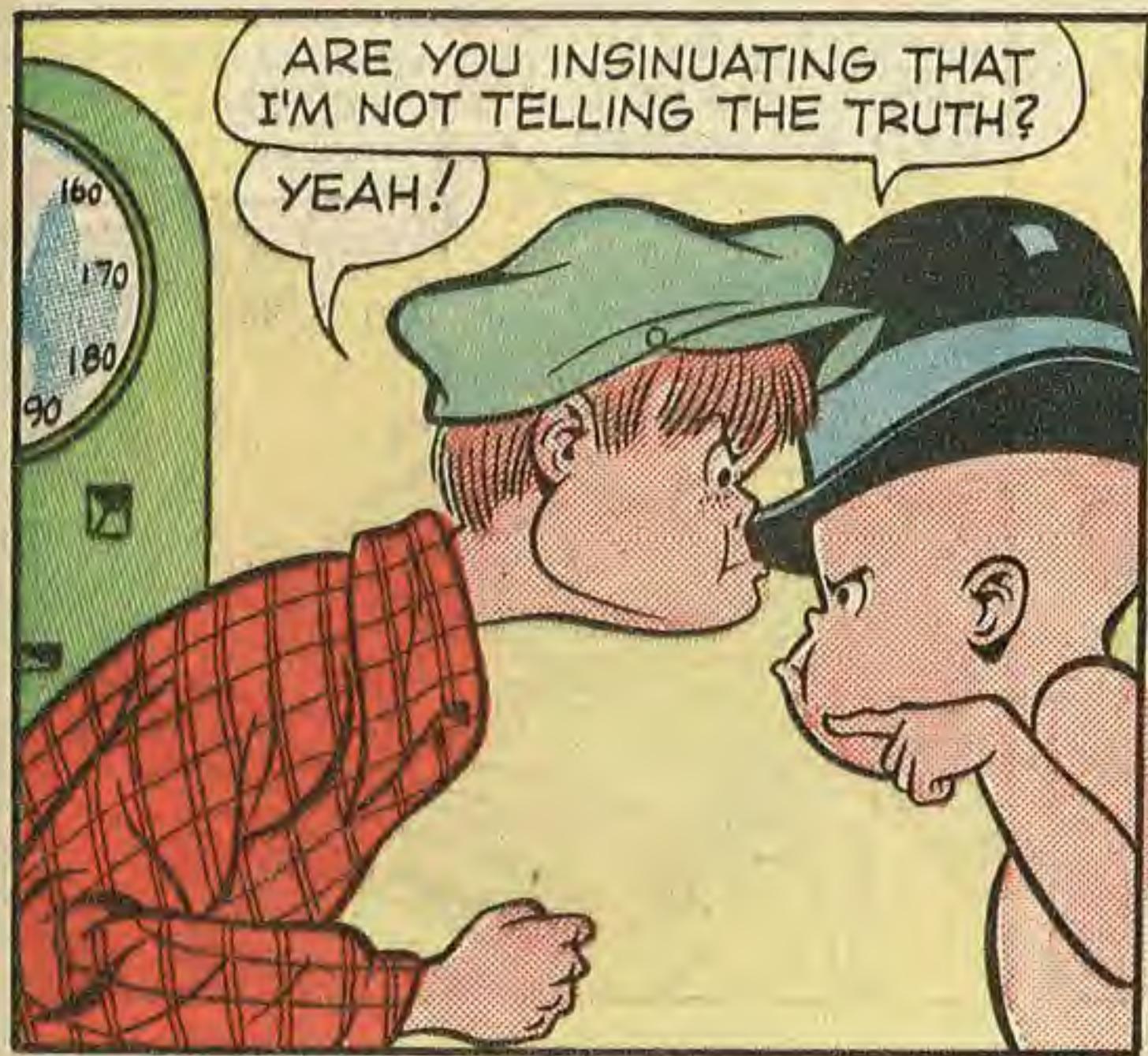
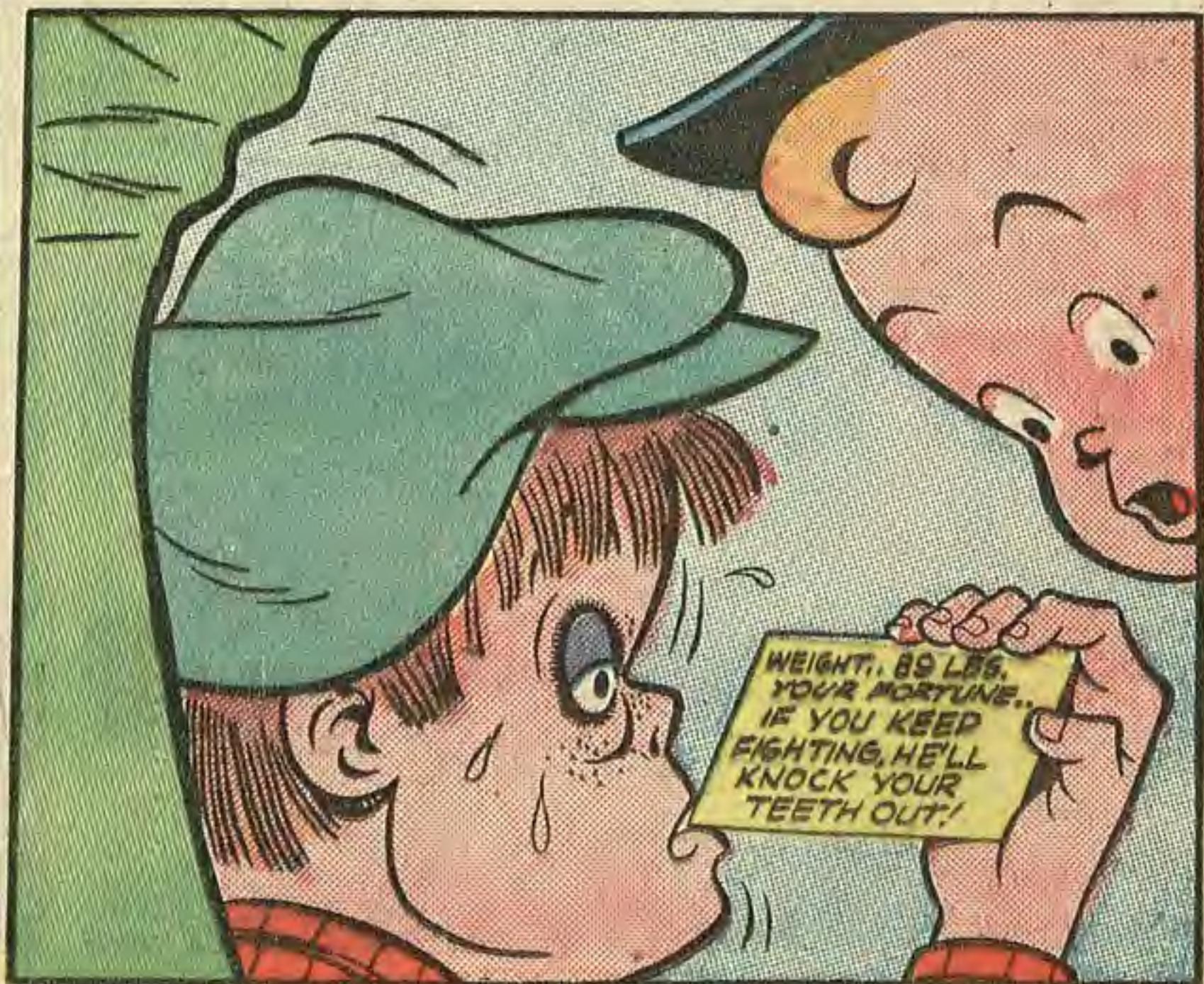
LISTEN TO THIS.. "YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A FIST FIGHT IN THE NEXT TWO MINUTES AND GET BOTH YOUR EYES BLACKENED!" HA! HA! SEE? THERE'S NO ONE HERE I'D WANNA FIGHT, BESIDES I NEVER GOT A BLACK EYE IN A FIGHT YET! I THINK YER A LIAR, POISON!

ARE YOU INSINUATING THAT I'M NOT TELLING THE TRUTH?

YEAH!

FORTUNE TELLING SCALE
WHAT?

WEIGHT, 89 LBS.
YOUR MORTUNE..
IF YOU KEEP
FIGHTING, HE'LL
KNOCK YOUR
TEETH OUT!



BLIMPY for MAYOR

Blimpy...

VOTE FOR
BLIMPY,
OH,
HONEST
GUY

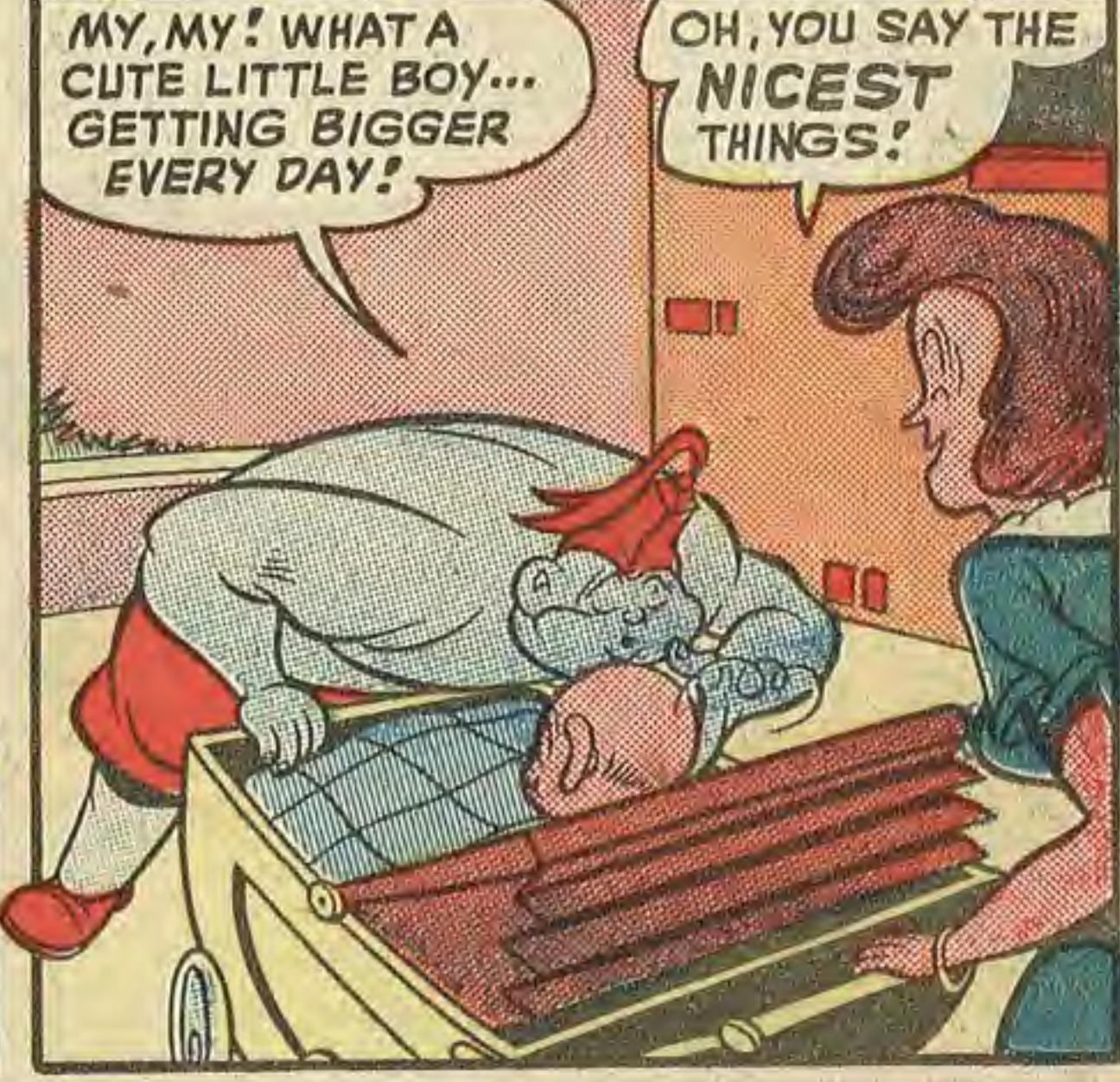
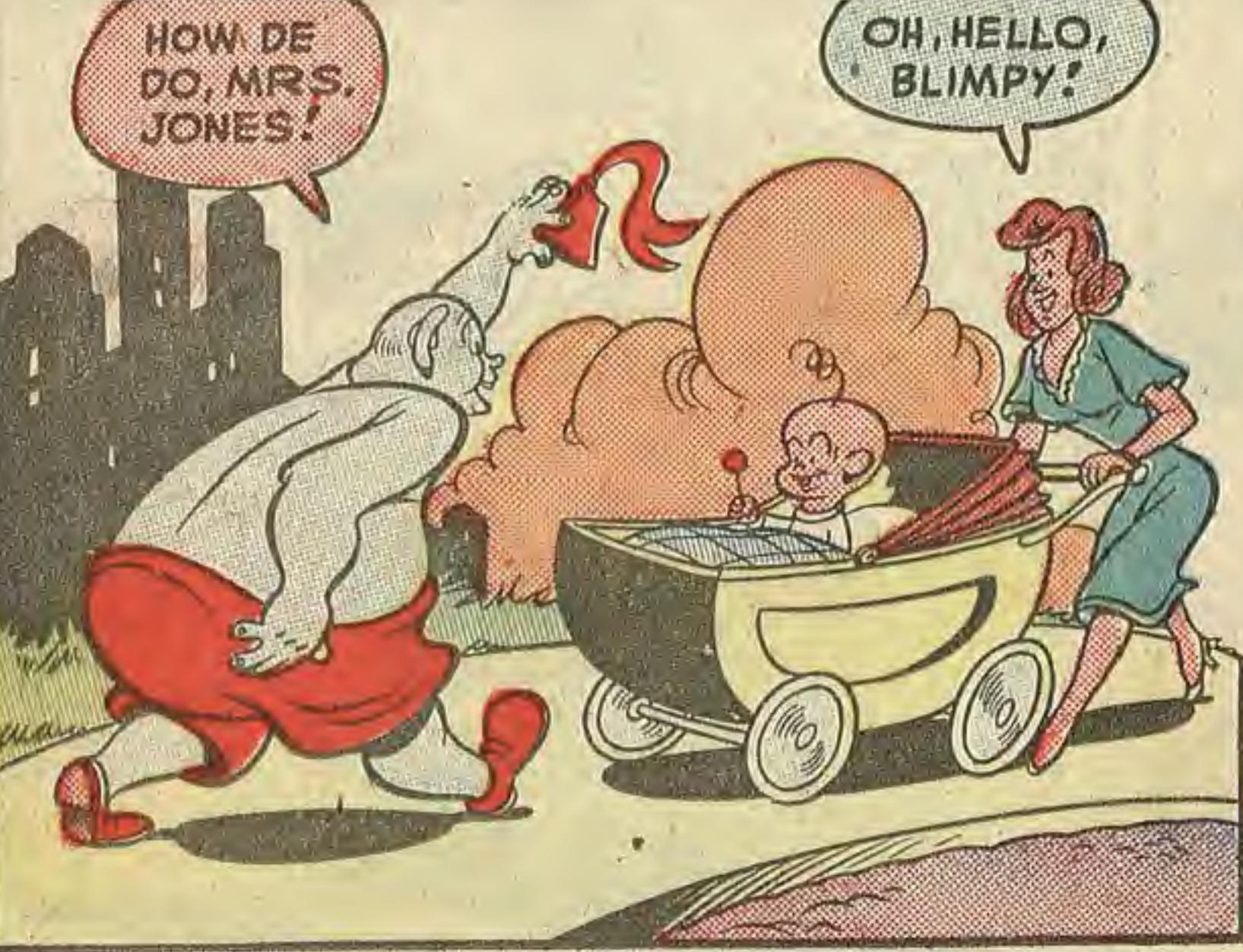
A man of Blimpy's indomitable character for mayor? Well... almost! Here's what happened...

HOW DE
DO, MRS.
JONES!

OH, HELLO,
BLIMPY!

MY, MY! WHAT A
CUTE LITTLE BOY...
GETTING BIGGER
EVERY DAY!

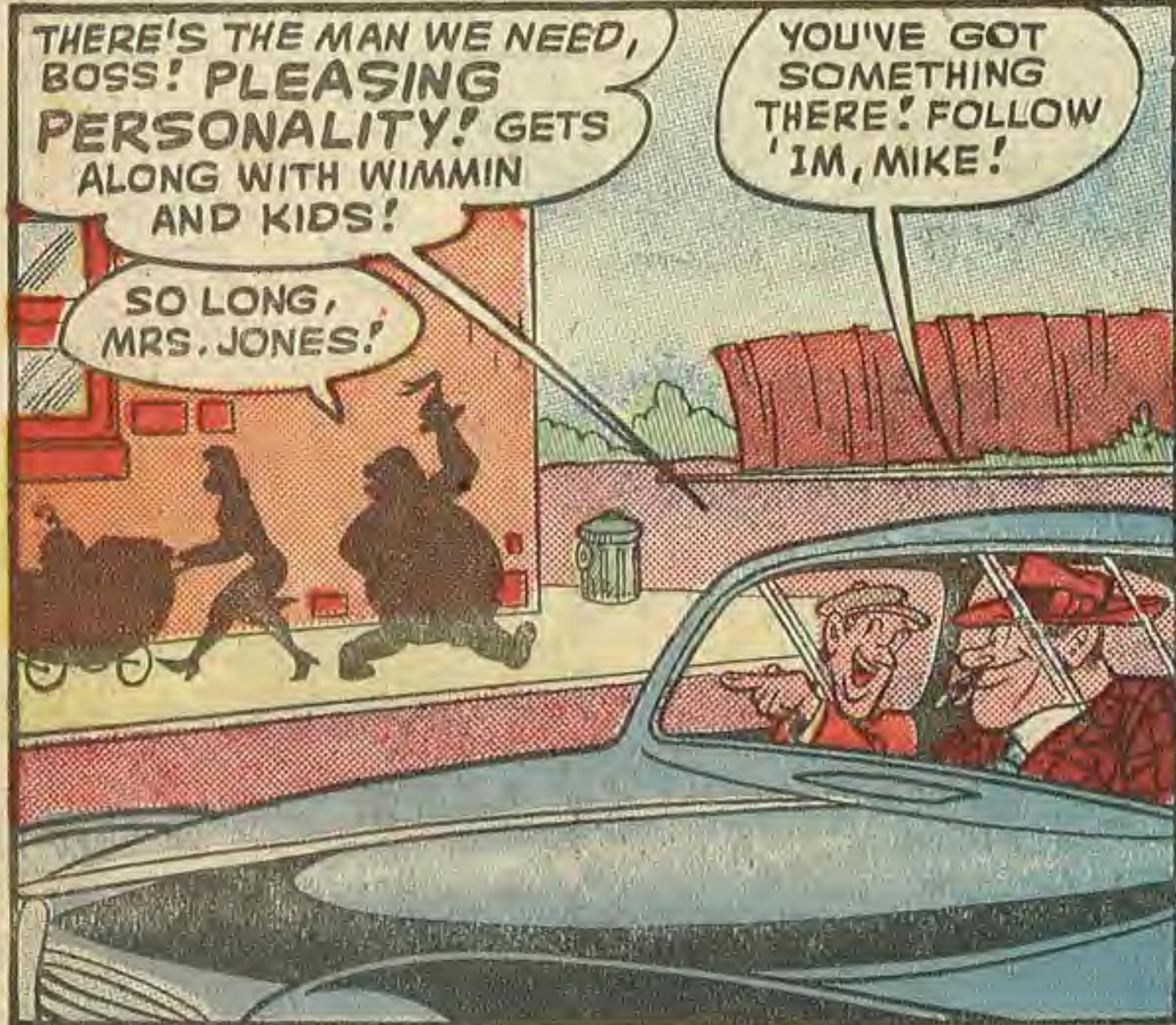
OH, YOU SAY THE
NICEST
THINGS!



THERE'S THE MAN WE NEED,
BOSS! PLEASING
PERSONALITY! GETS
ALONG WITH WIMMIN
AND KIDS!

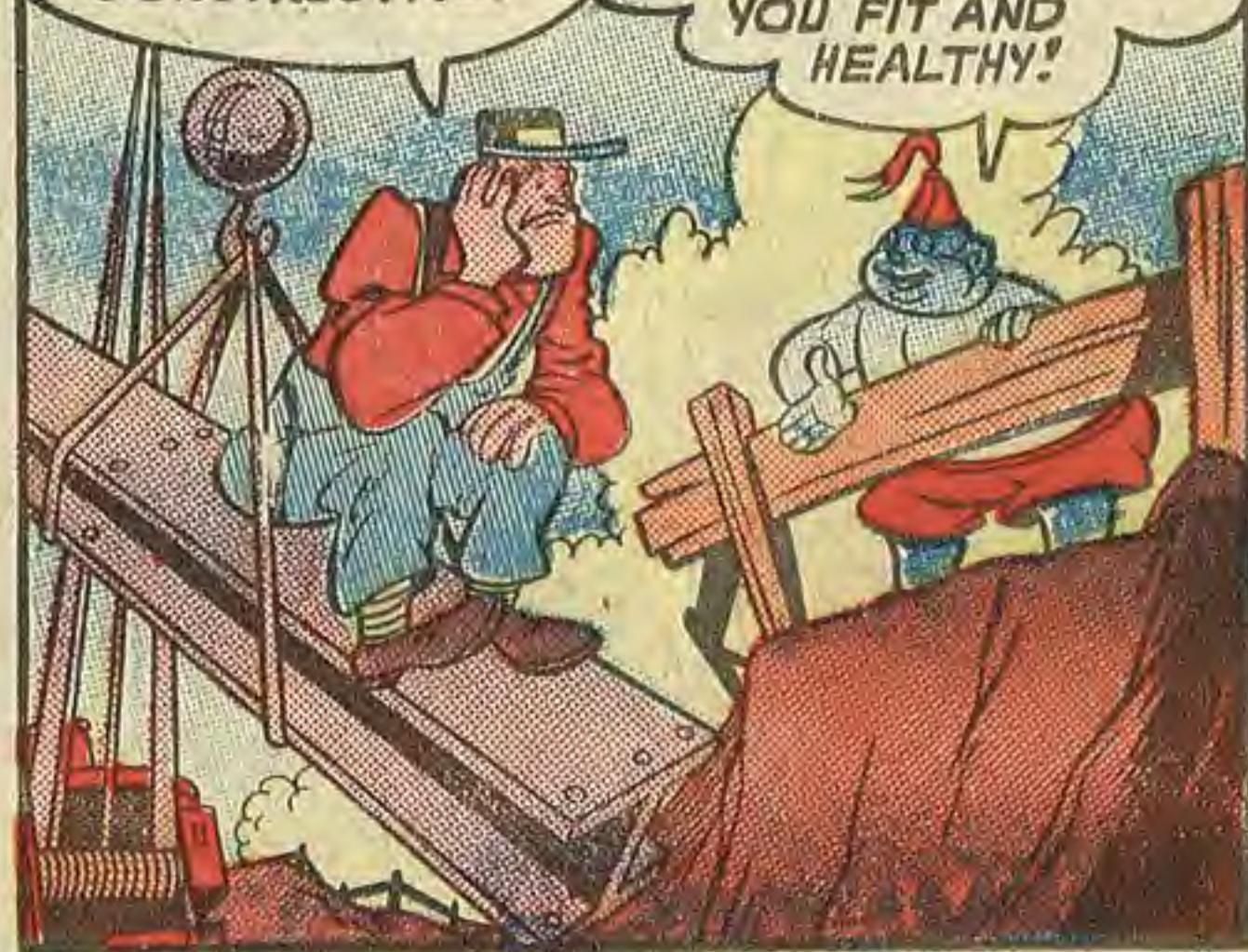
YOU'VE GOT
SOMETHING
THERE! FOLLOW
'IM, MIKE!

SO LONG,
MRS. JONES!



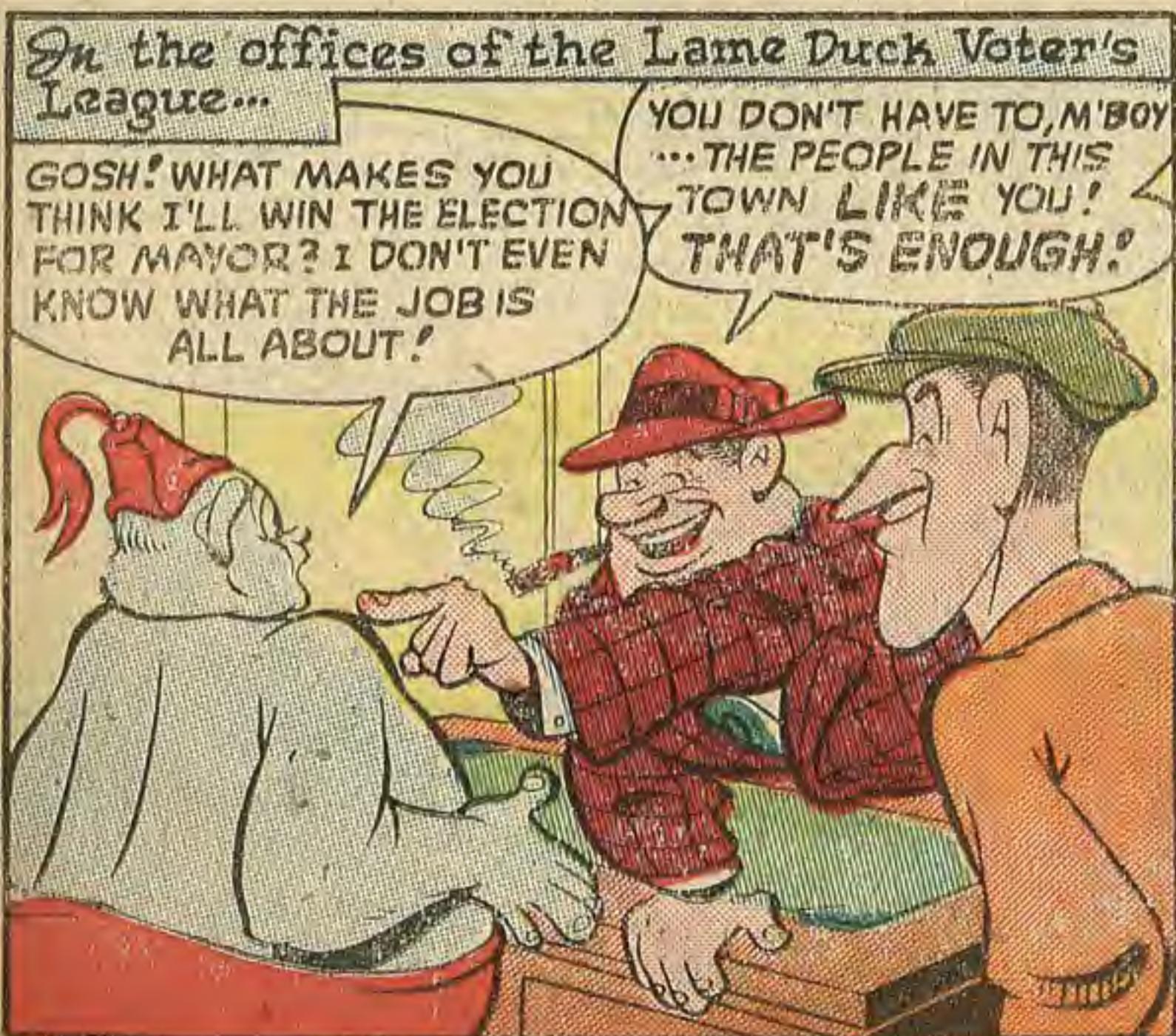
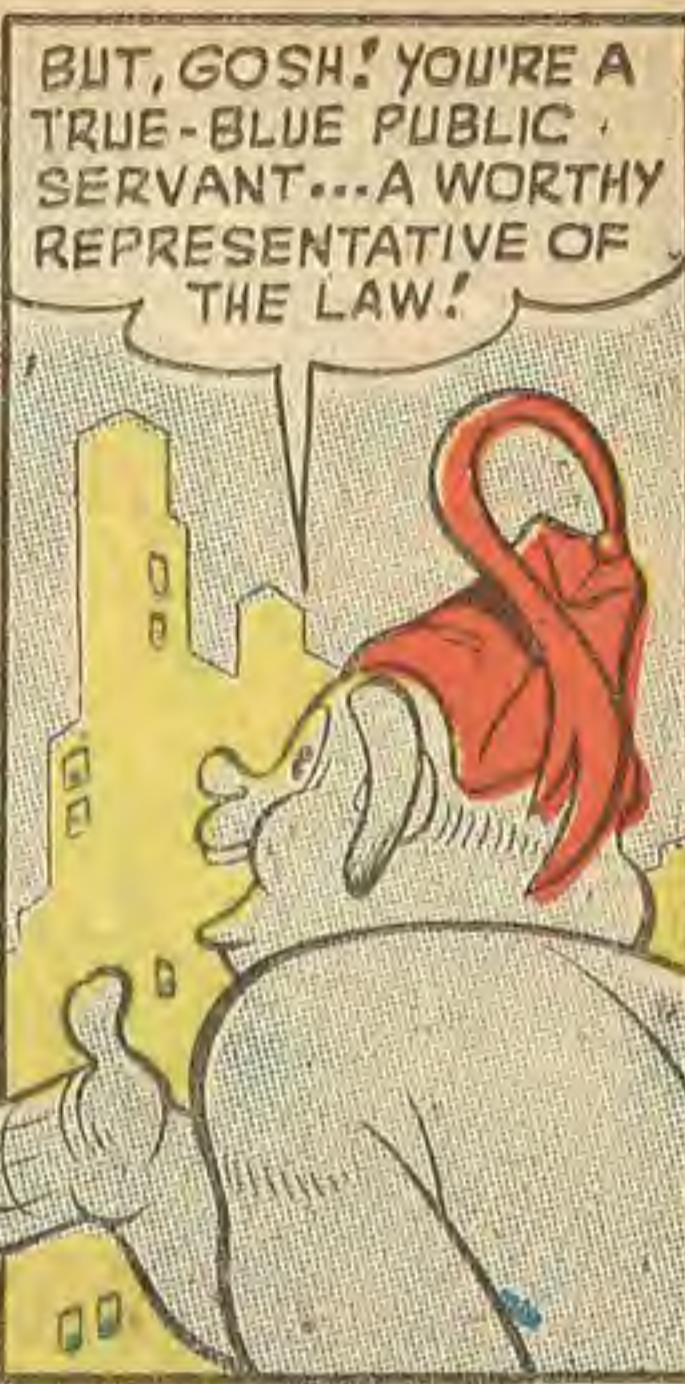
GOSH, BLIMPY, ALL
I SEEM TO DO IS
WORK, WORK, WORK!
I NEVER DO SEEM
TO DO ANYTHING
CONSTRUCTIVE!

DON'T TAKE IT SO
HARD, JOE! YOU'VE
GOT A GOOD JOB...
PLENTY OF EXER-
CISE.. BUILDS
MUSCLES AND KEEPS
YOU FIT AND
HEALTHY!

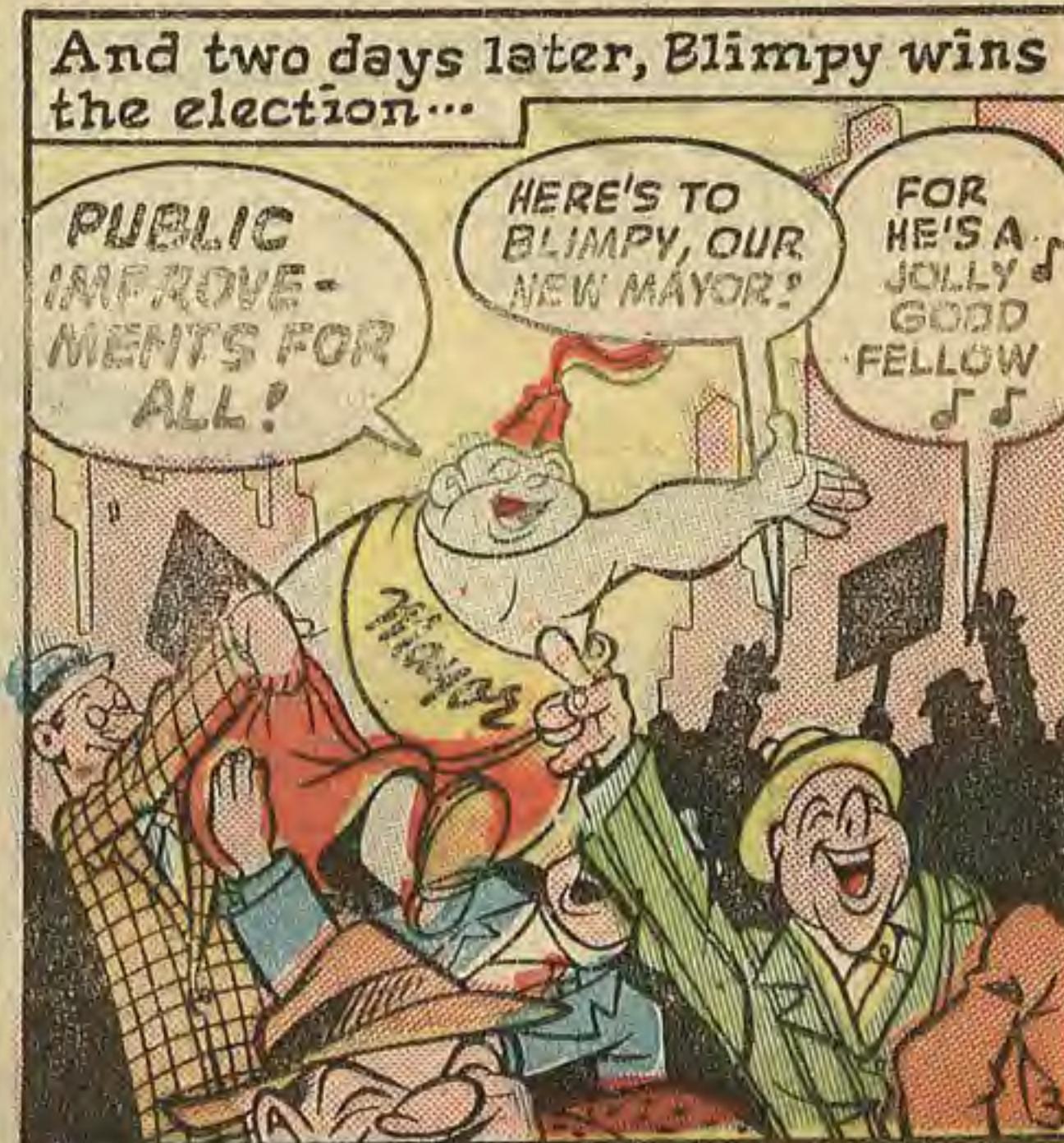
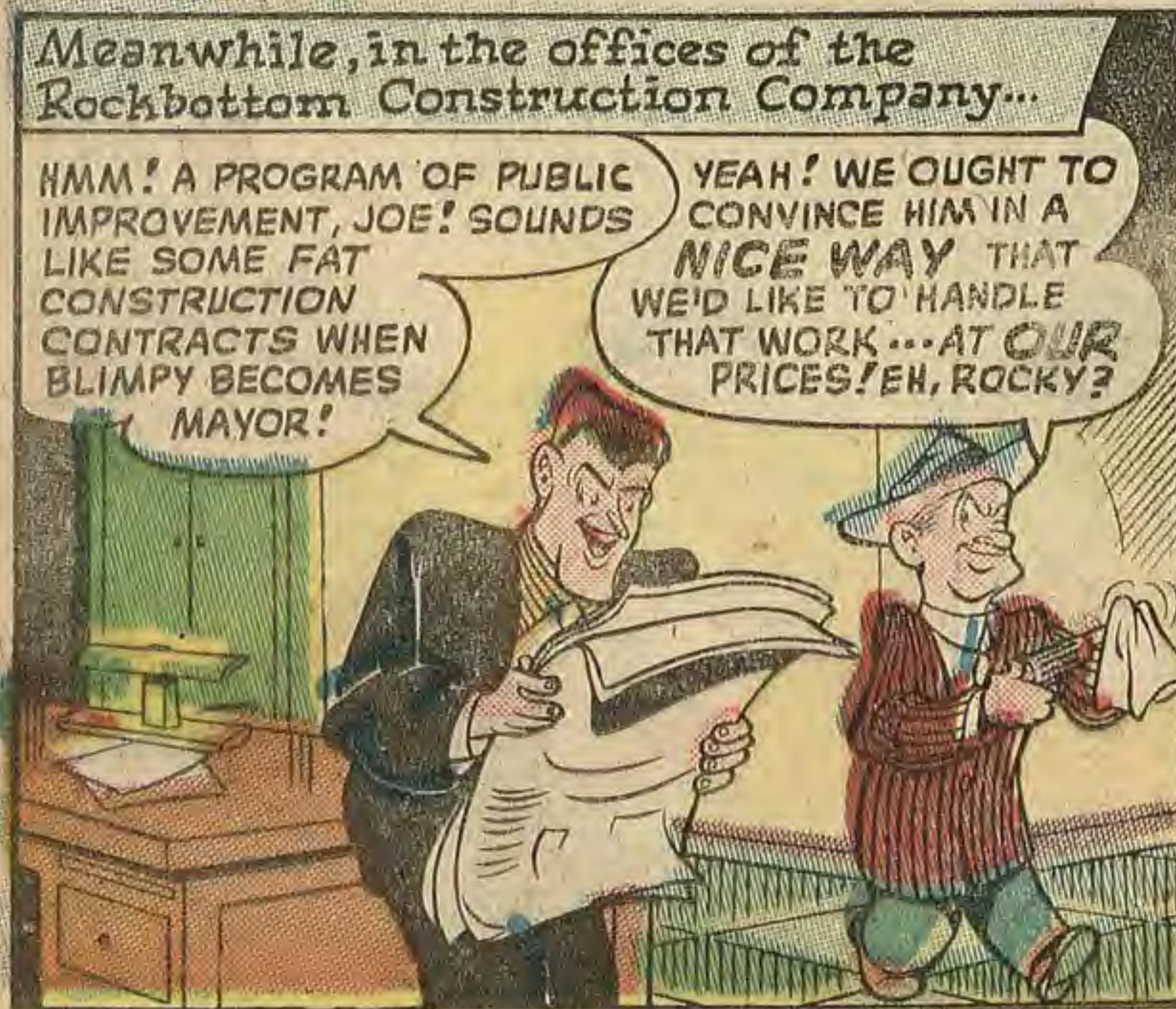
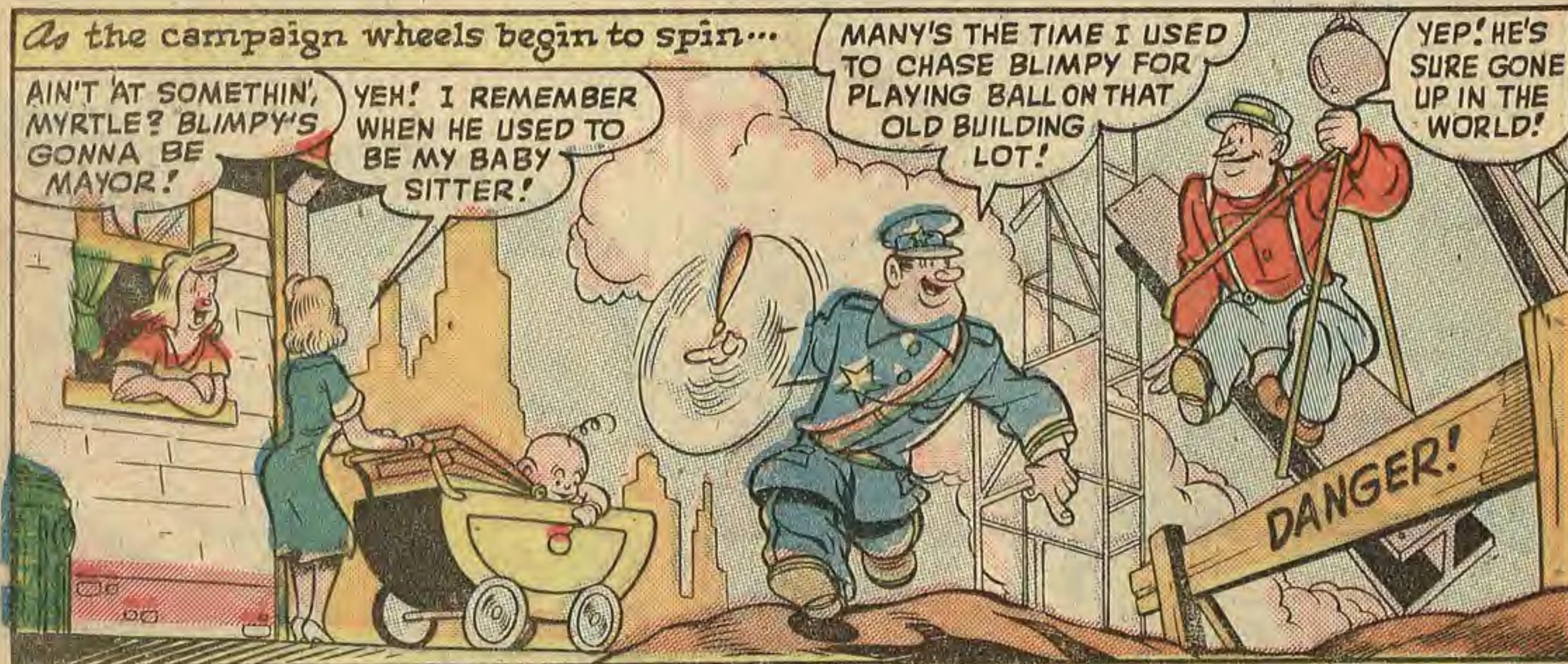


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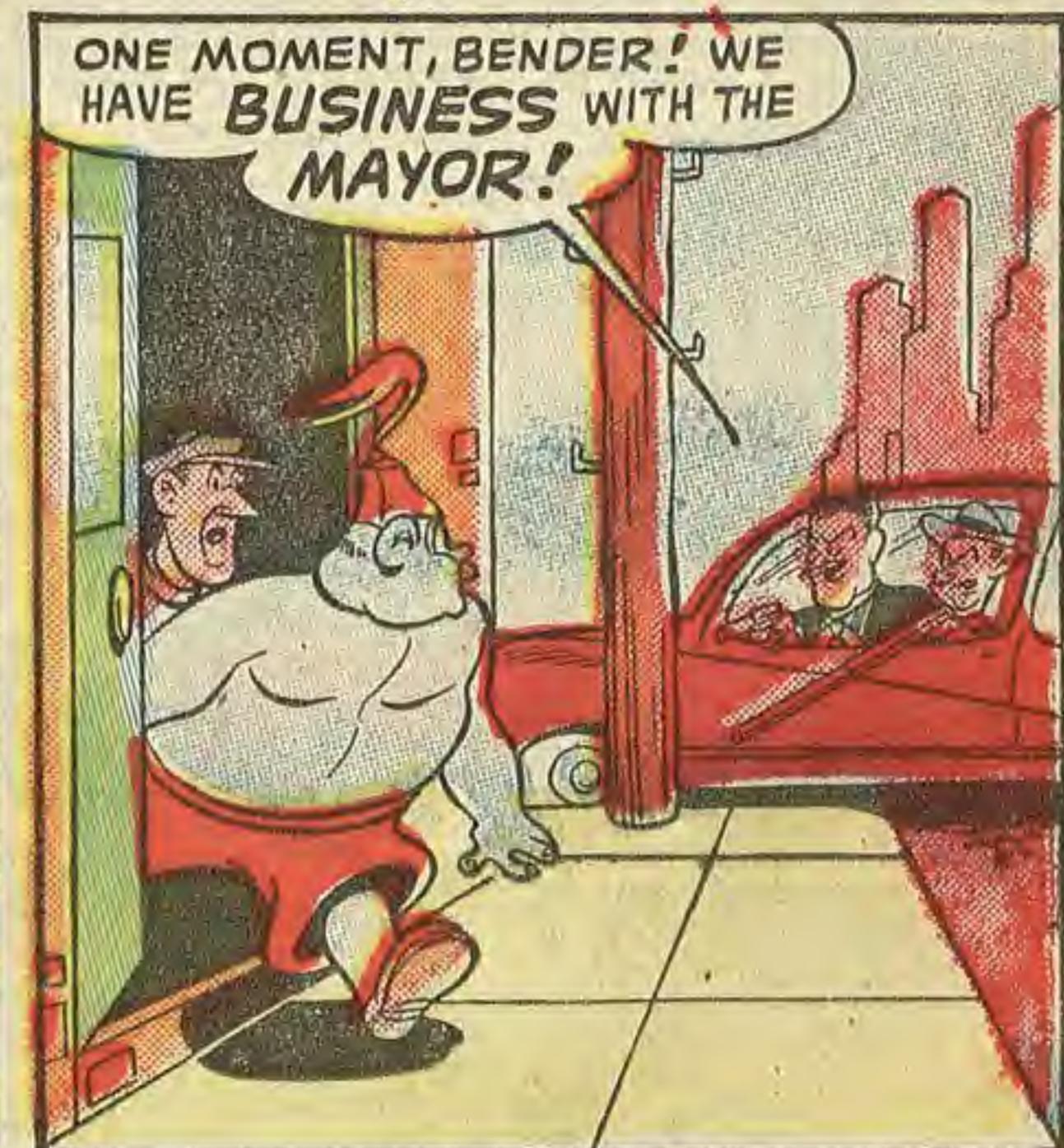
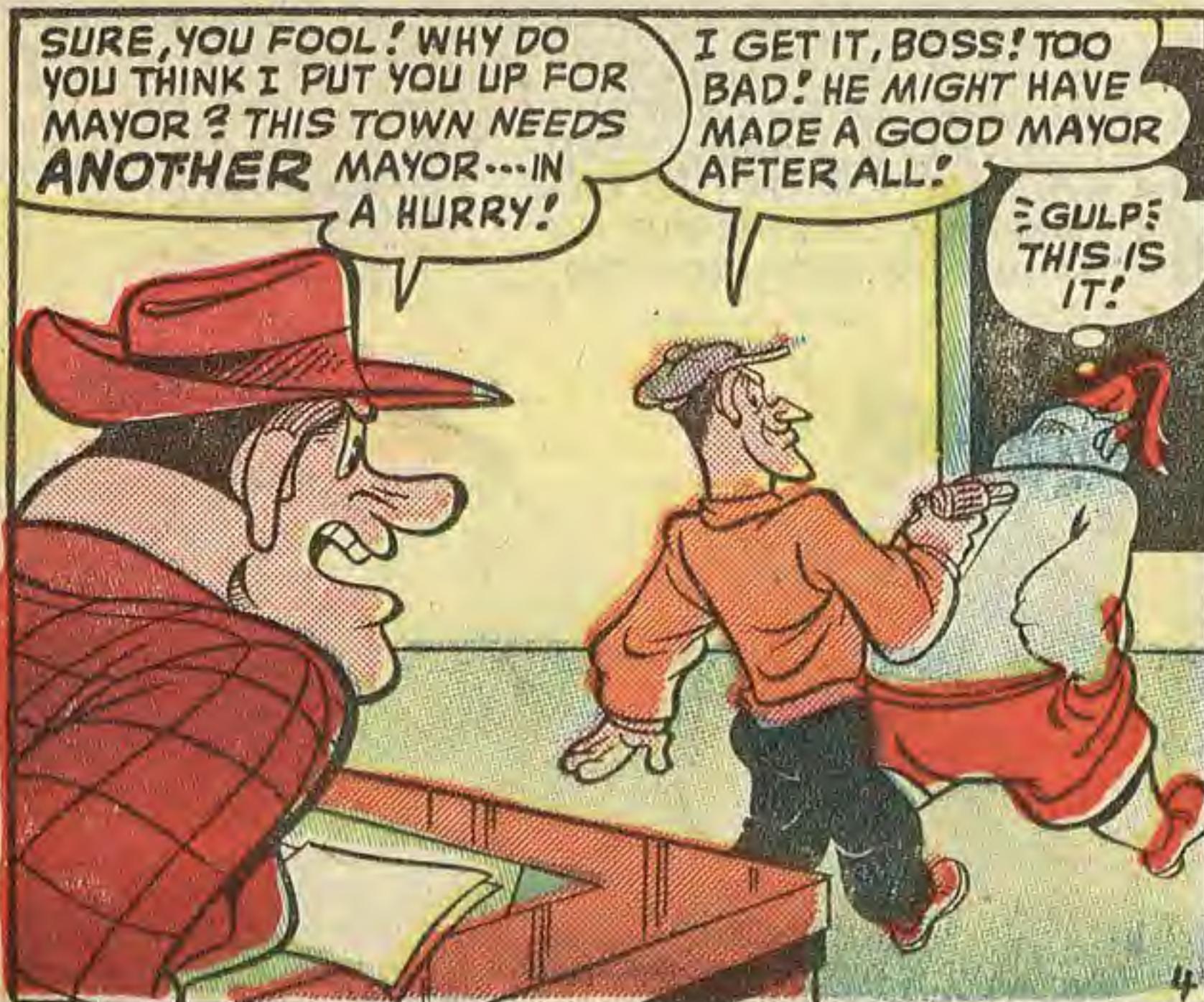
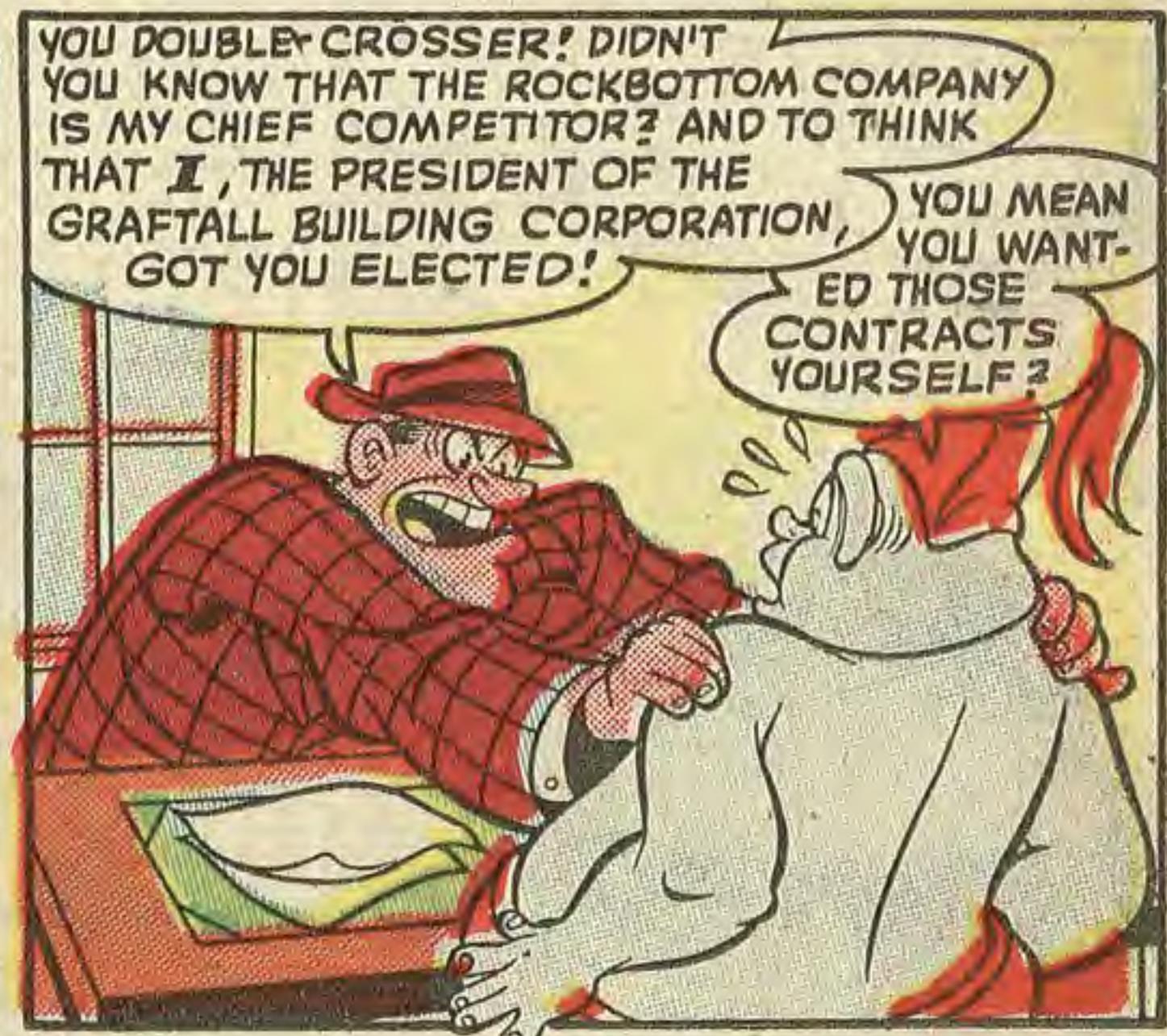
And so on, down the street...



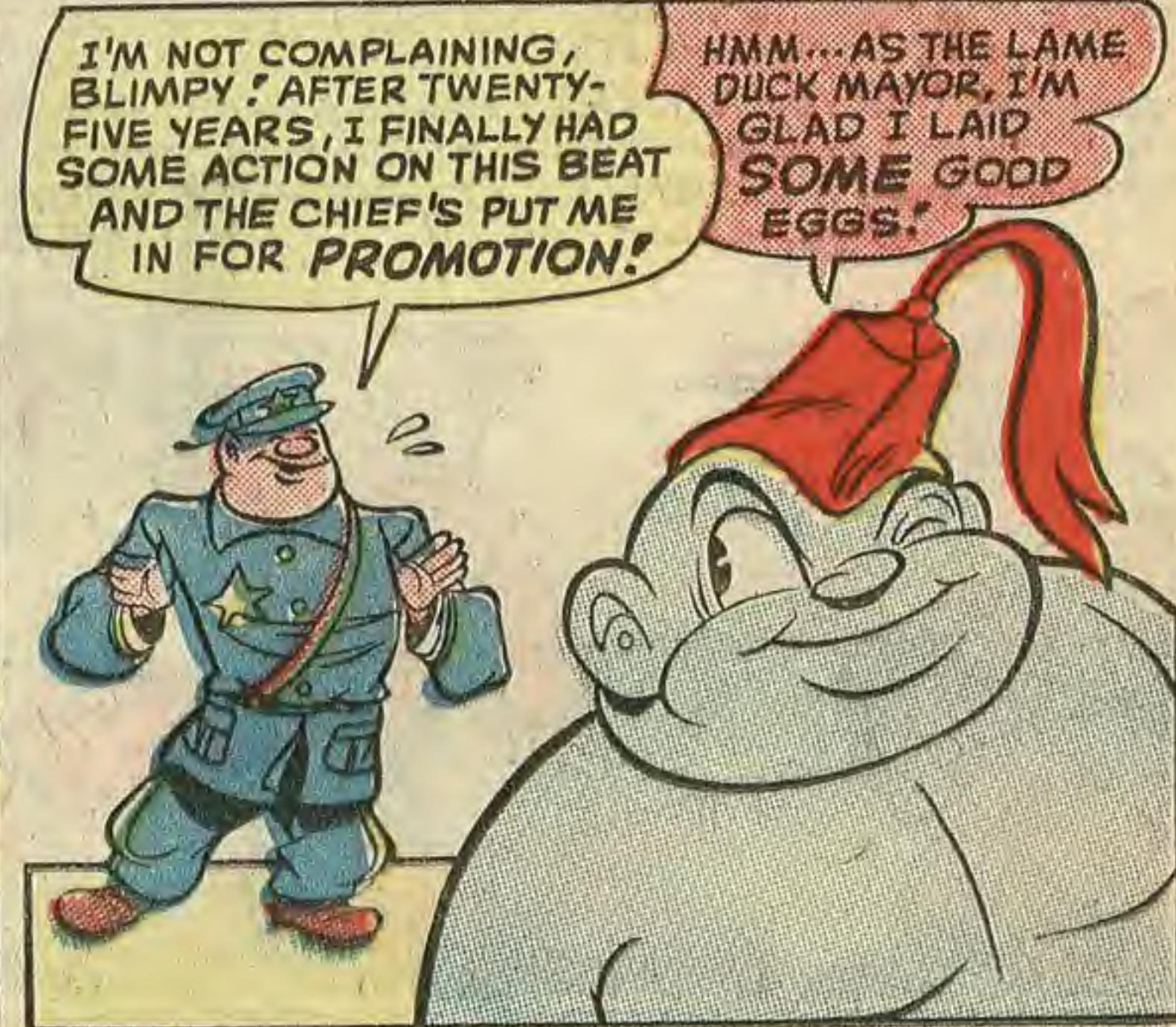
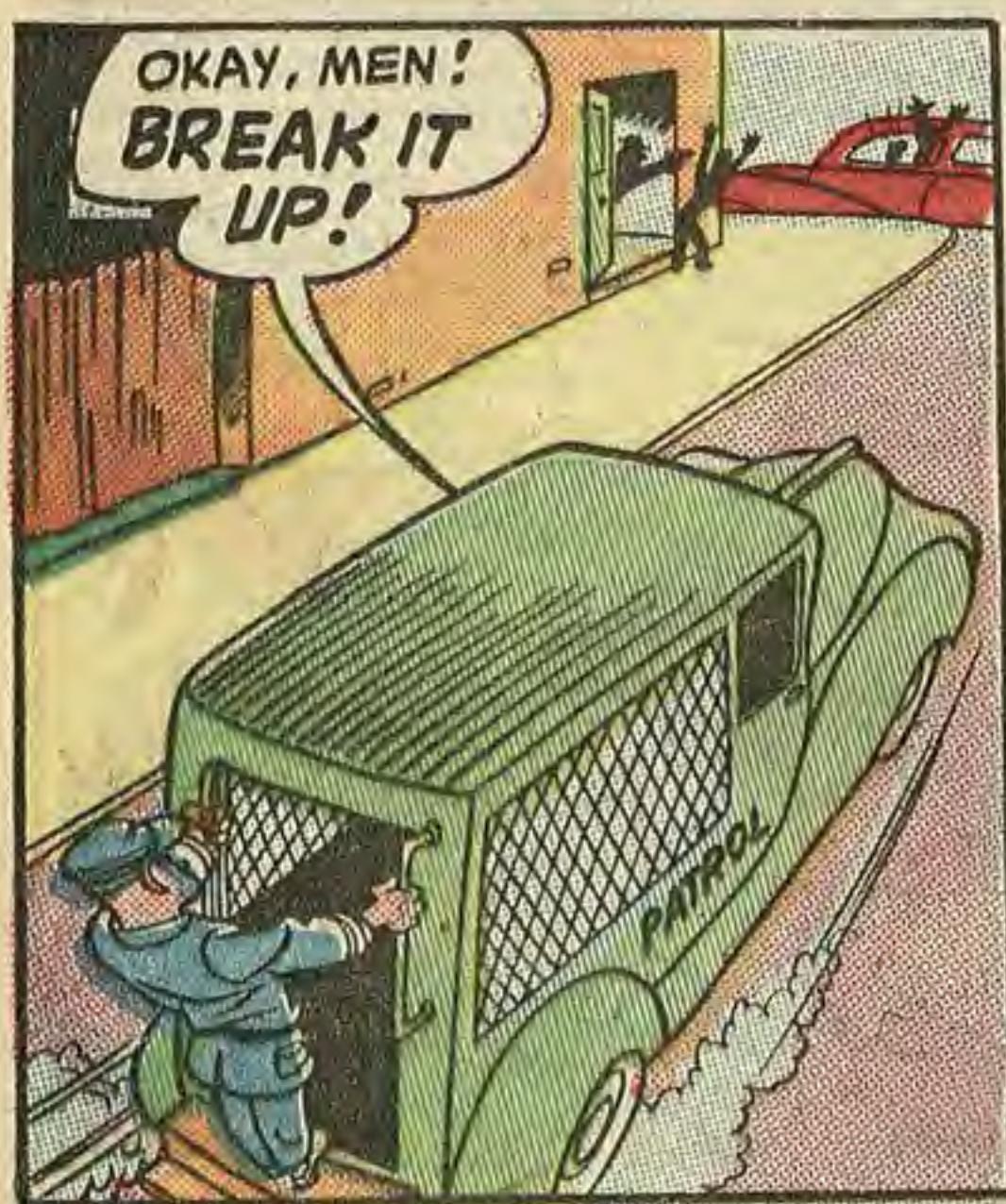
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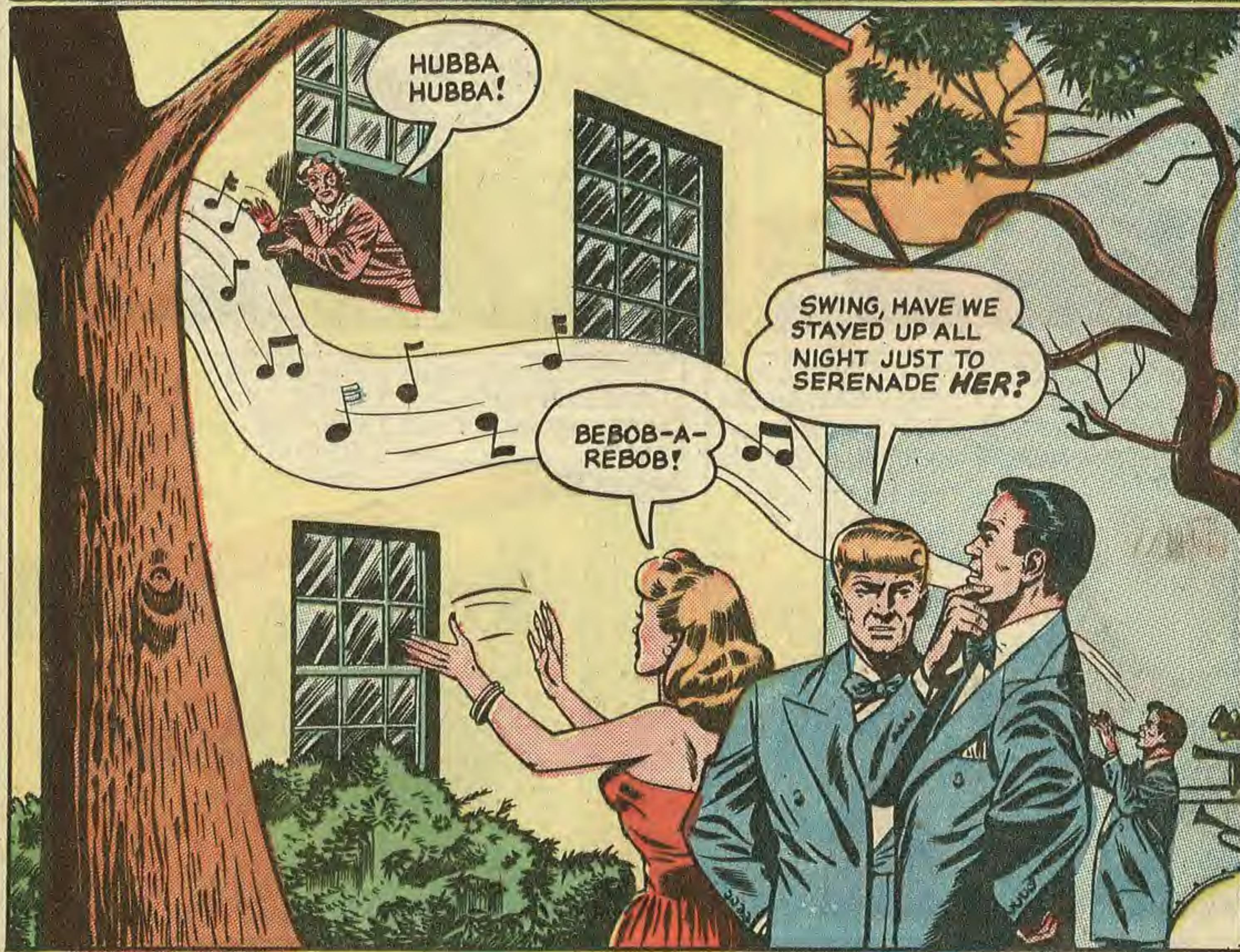
FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



SWING SISSON



A night at the Clover Club...

SISSON, I LIKE YOUR STYLE! WILL THREE HUNDRED SMACKERS PAY FOR A PRIVATE PERFORMANCE TONIGHT?

NOT TONIGHT, MISTER! WE WON'T FINISH HERE UNTIL TWO!

WELL, COME AROUND AFTERWARD! I WANT YOU TO SERENADE MY GIRL! THE ADDRESS IS 22 BLEEKER LANE, WITH NO CLOSE NEIGHBORS TO COMPLAIN!

HMM...ER...WHAT DO YOU SAY, TOBY?

WHY NOT? WE CAN ALL USE EXTRA DOUGH! BESIDES, I GO FOR THE NOVELTY OF THE STUNT, MR.----

CALL ME ROMEO---ROMEO RAND! I'LL MEET YOU THERE A LITTLE AFTER TWO!

FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS

WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE? STOP THAT RACKET, IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

HOLD IT, GANG! IT LOOKS AS IF THIS JAM SESSION GOT US INTO A JAM WE DIDN'T EXPECT!

GREAT DAY IN THE MORNIN', IT'S SWING SISSON! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF WAILIN' LIKE A BUNCH OF BANSHEES IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT?

I CAN EXPLAIN, OFFICER O'TOOLE! WE WERE HIRED TO SERENADE THIS HOUSE!

SERENADE? SURE, AND WHY WOULD YOU BE SERENADIN' J. WALLINGTON WOOFLE, THE BILLIONAIRE PICKLE KING? IF IT'S A PRACTICAL JOKE YOU'RE PLAYIN'---

WOOFLE? YOU MEAN, HE LIVES HERE? OH, MURDER!

OFFICER, WHO ARE THESE IDIOTS? ARREST THE WHOLE KIT AND CABOODLE OF 'EM FOR DISTURBING THE PEACE!

THERE'S BEEN A MISTAKE, SIR! ARE YOU MR. WOOFLE?

YES, AND I'M HIS SISTER) A BILIOUS OLD TABITHA... AND I'M BILLIONAIRE COMING DOWN TO GIVE YOU YOUNG HOODLUMS OLD-MAID A PIECE OF MY MIND!

SISTER! ROMEO RAND MUST HAVE A GRUDGE AGAINST US, TO GET US IN THIS MESS!

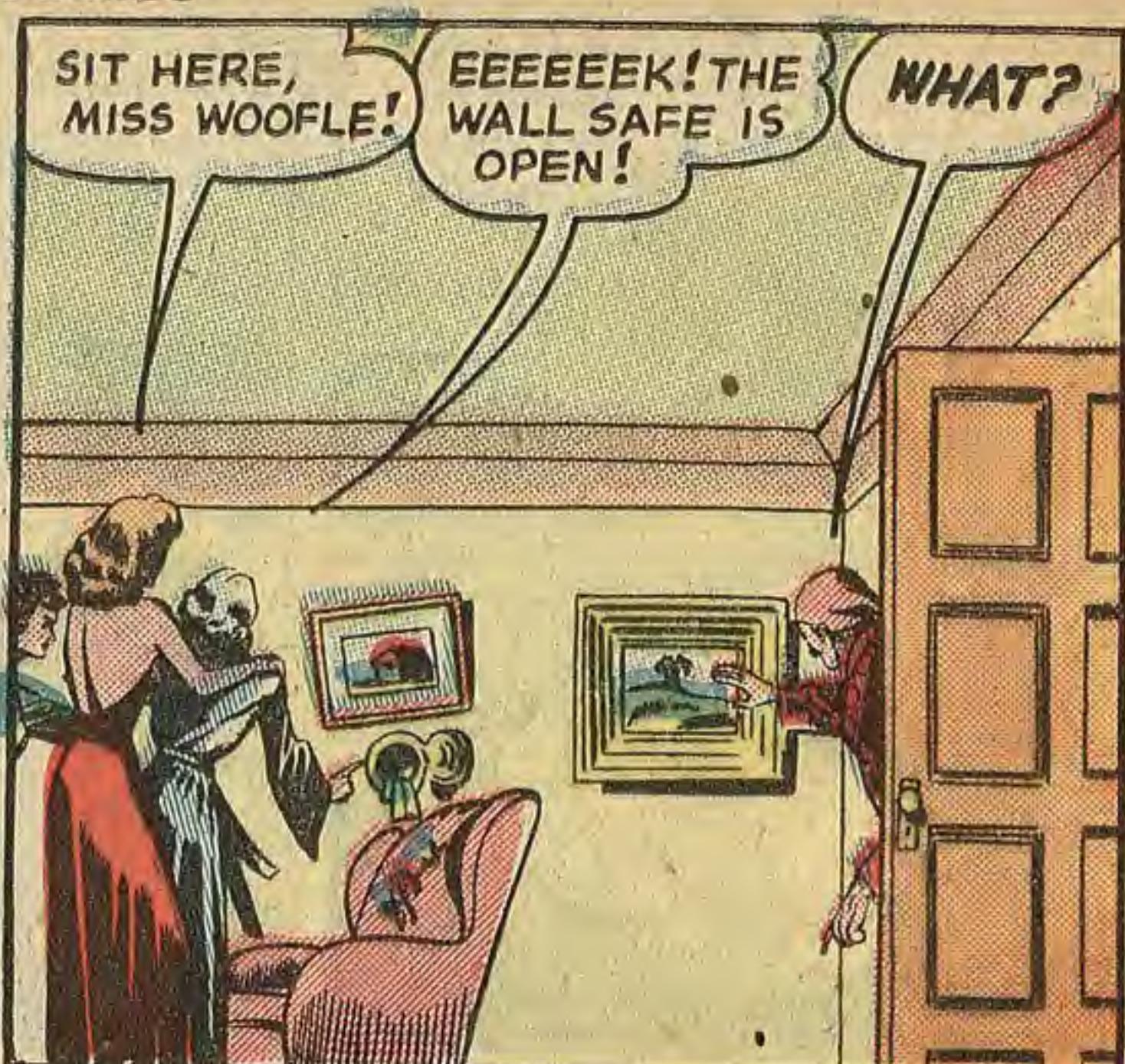
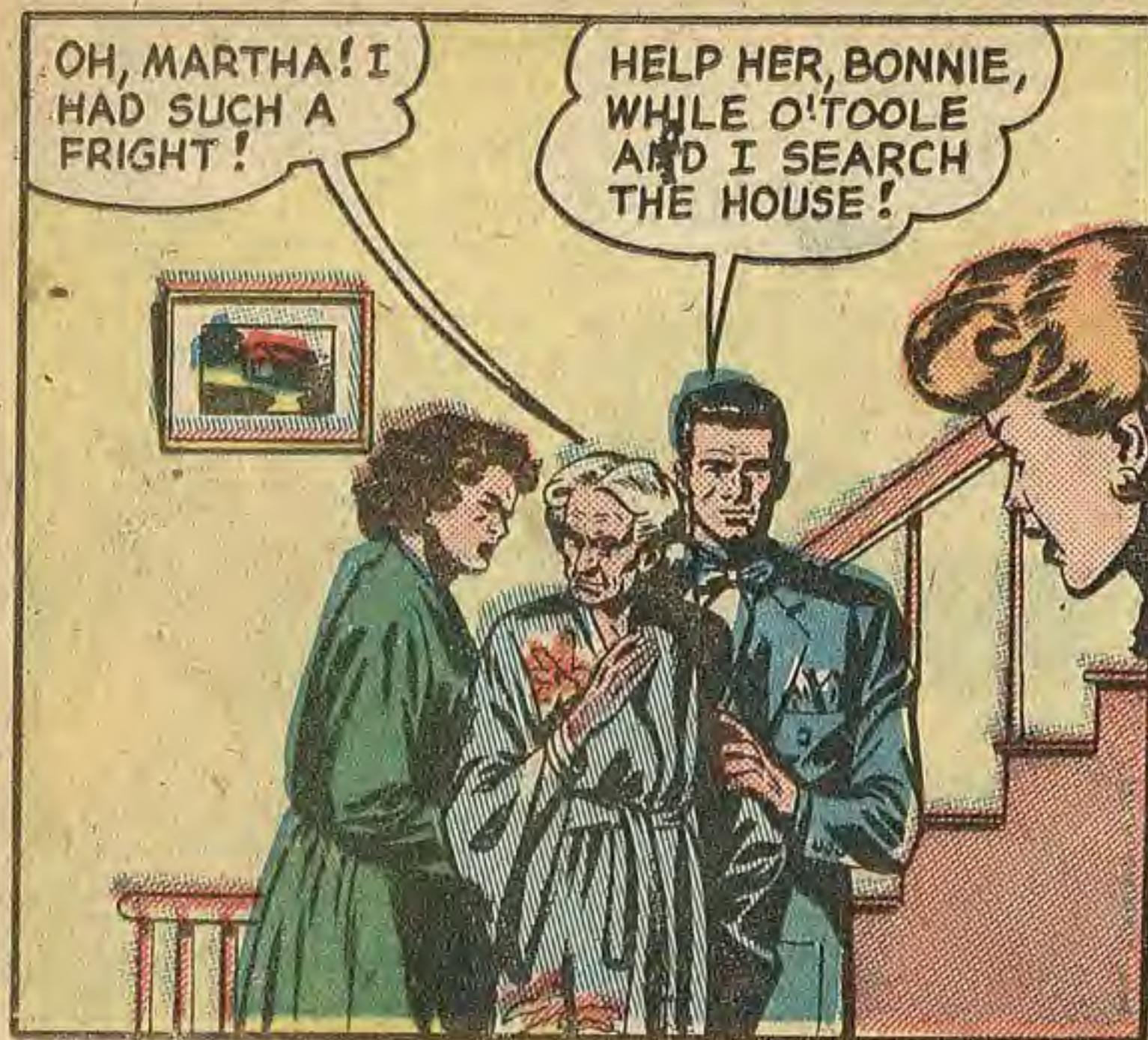
BY THE WAY, WHERE IS ROMEO RAND?

EEEEEEK! THERE'S A MAN IN HERE!

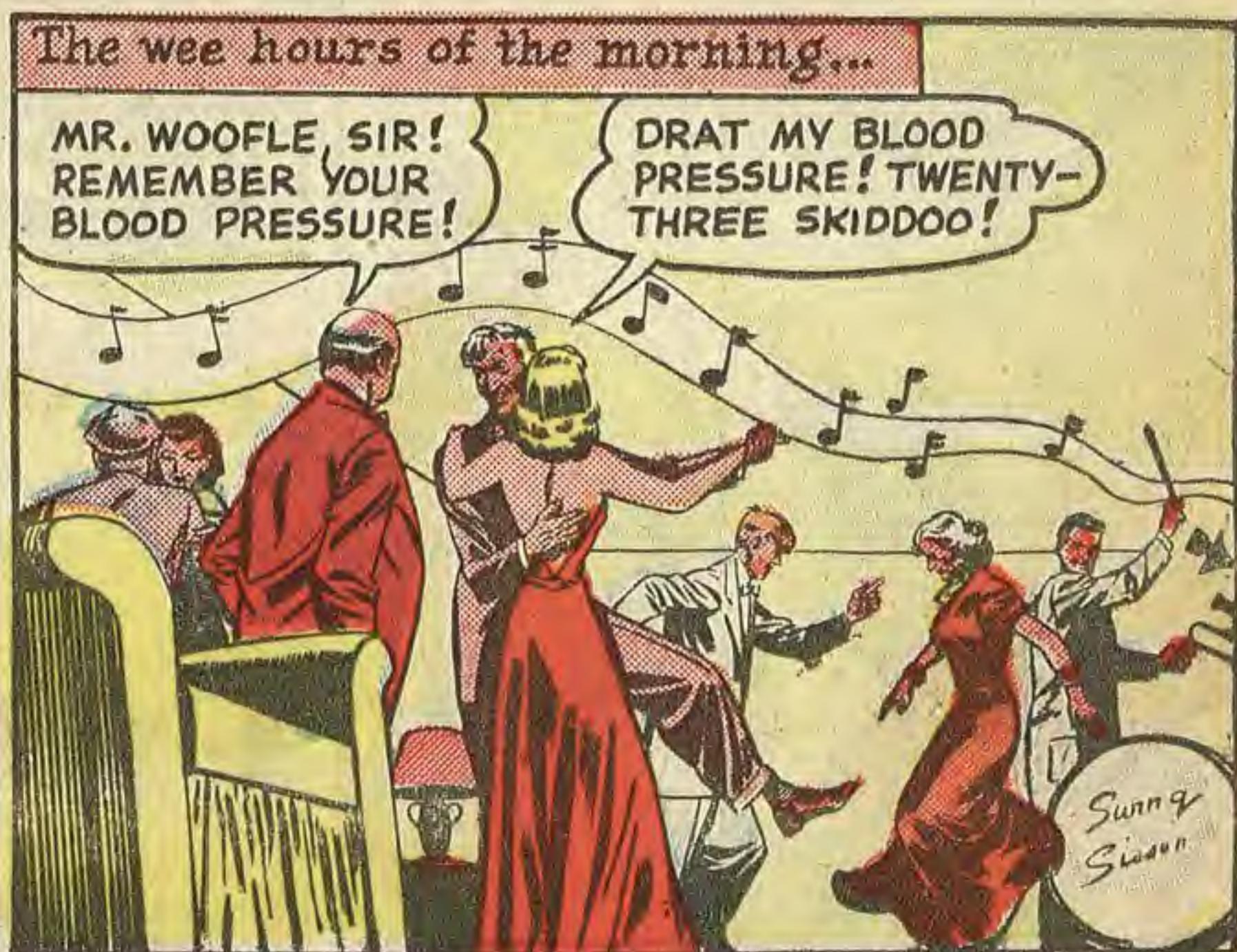
SHADES OF SATAN, IT'S THE LADY... IN TROUBLE!

SURROUND THE HOUSE, GANG! DON'T LET ANYONE ESCAPE!

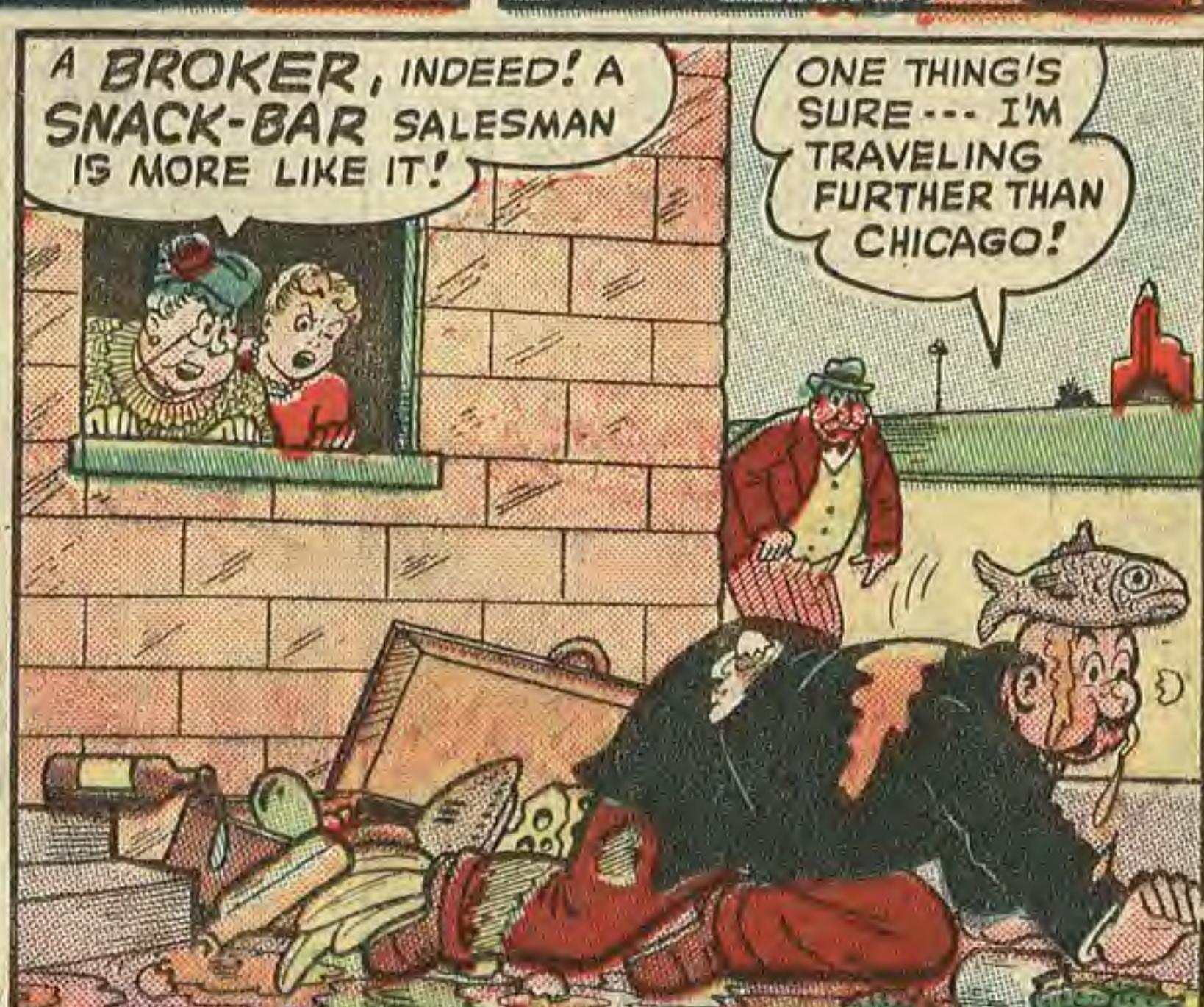
FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



LALA PALOOZA



FEATURE COMICS

LALA PALOOZA

THIS TIME YOU REALLY
SEEM TO MEAN IT...
ABOUT STOPPING ALL
THOSE FOOLISH
ANTICS OF YOURS!

LALA, LET'S FORGET
MY SILLY PAST AND
THINK ONLY OF MY
SOBER FUTURE!

I'LL
TRY!

FROM NOW ON I
KEEP MY WORD
ABOUT EVERY-
THING!

BUT THAT REMINDS
ME, I NEVER KEPT
MY WORD ABOUT
PAYING OFF THAT
CRAZY ELECTION
BET I LOST!

AND I BETTER
DO IT RIGHT
NOW... NO
MATTER WHAT!

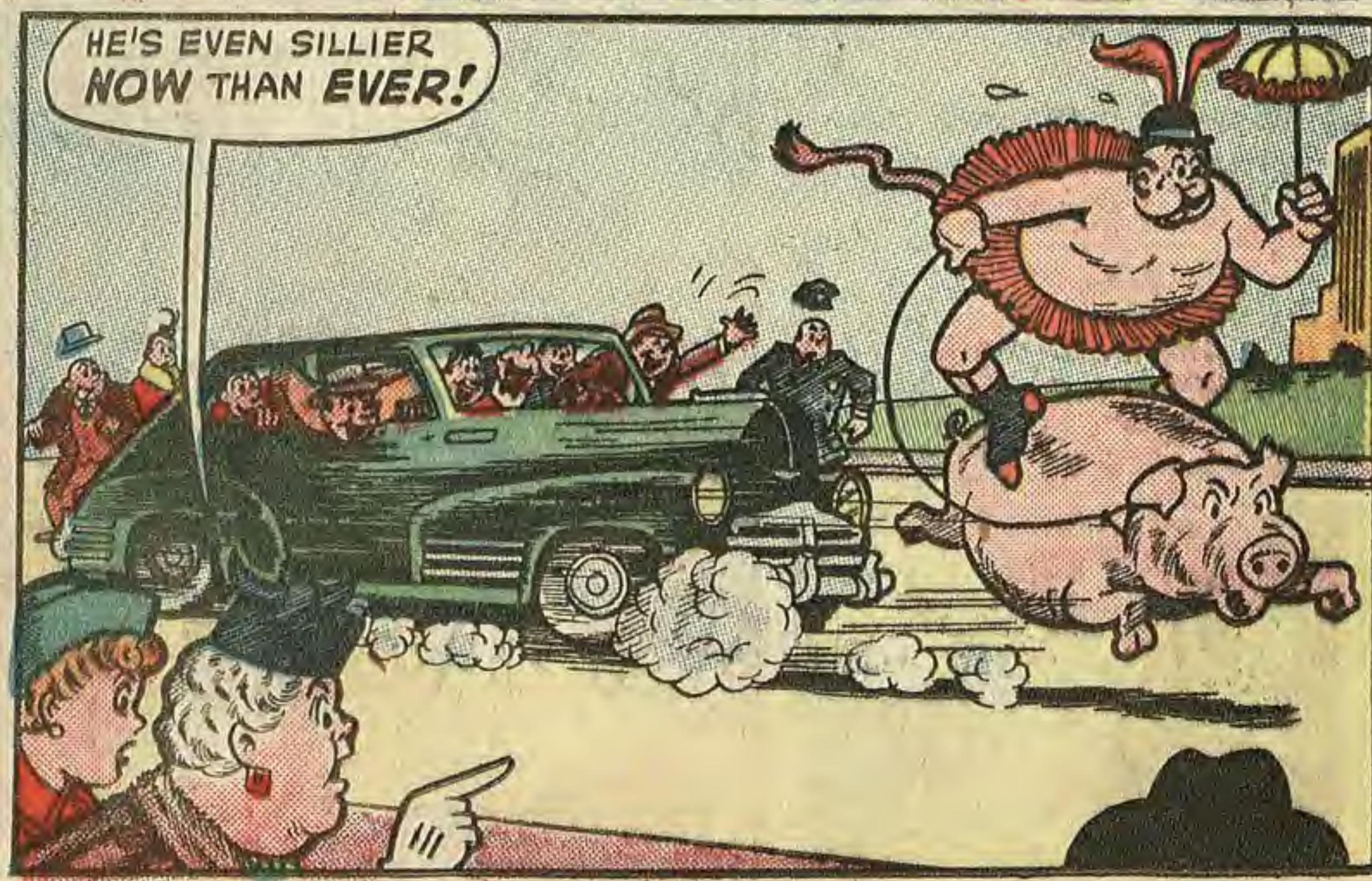
Later...

OH, COME NOW...
DON'T TELL ME
VINCENT HAS
REFORMED
AGAIN?

YES, AUNTIE... I
THINK THE NEXT
TIME YOU SEE HIM
YOU'LL REALLY
NOTICE A
DIFFERENCE!

YES, LALA, I
THINK YOU'RE
RIGHT...

HE'S EVEN SILLIER
NOW THAN EVER!



RUSTY RYAN

OFF WITH
THEIR HEADS!
ER, NO... ON
SECOND THOUGHT,
MAKE THEM
GENERALS!



South America contains more unexplored jungle than any other continent! And more **SURPRISES**, too, when our friends Rusty, Pierpont, and Alabama are doing the exploring!

A trail in the upper jungles of the country of Piranha...

THIS TERRITORY IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE THE FIERCEST NATIVES IN THE WORLD!

Y-YO DON'T SAY, MISTAH RUSTY!

SAY! WHEN WE GET BACK FROM HERE WE CAN GO ON A LECTURE TOUR AND CLEAN UP A FORTUNE!

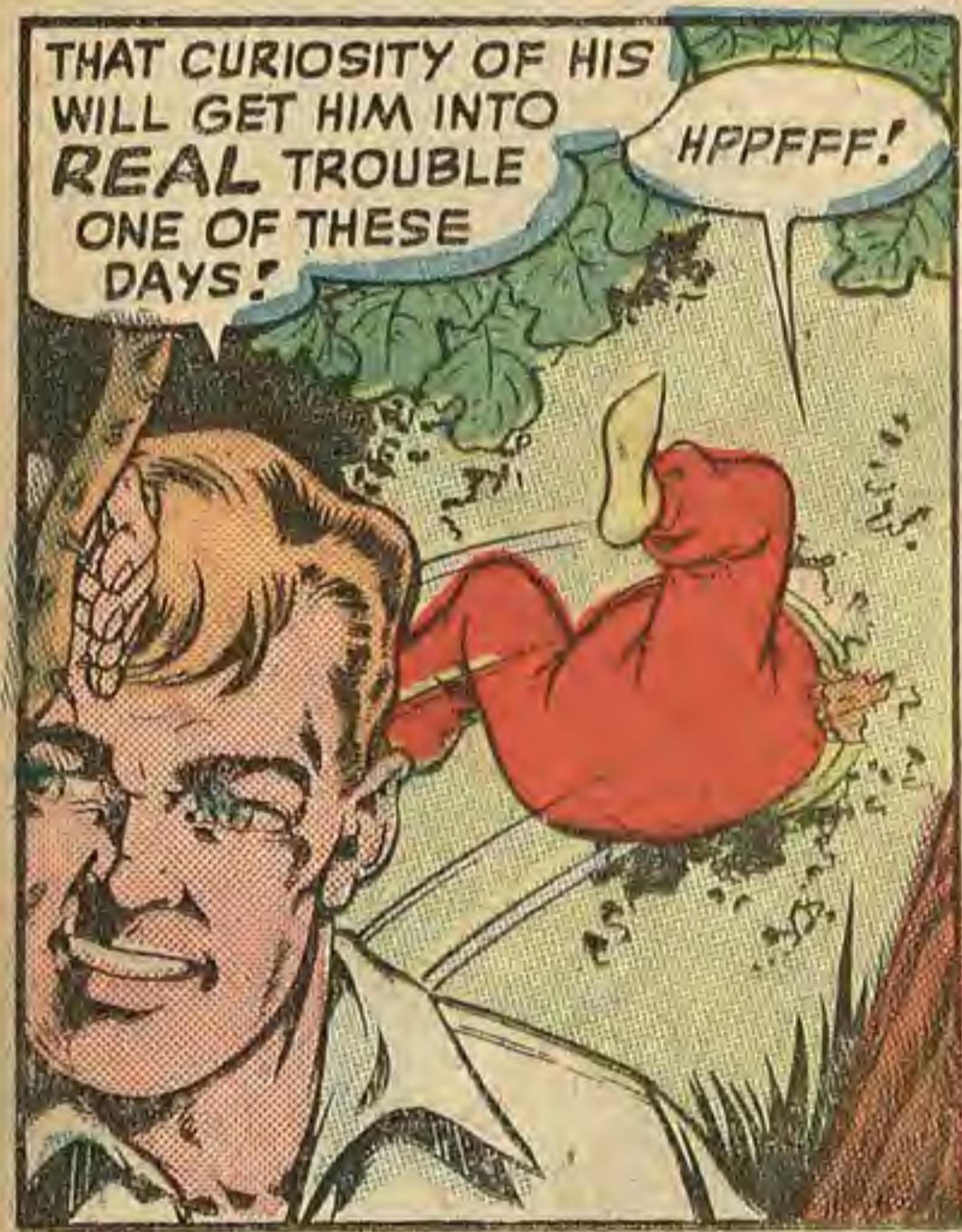
MAYBE SO, ALABAMA!

WHAT DO YOU THINK, PIERPONT?

AH COULD STAND MORE SMOOTH TALKIN' AN' LESS ROUGH WALKIN'! UMMFF!



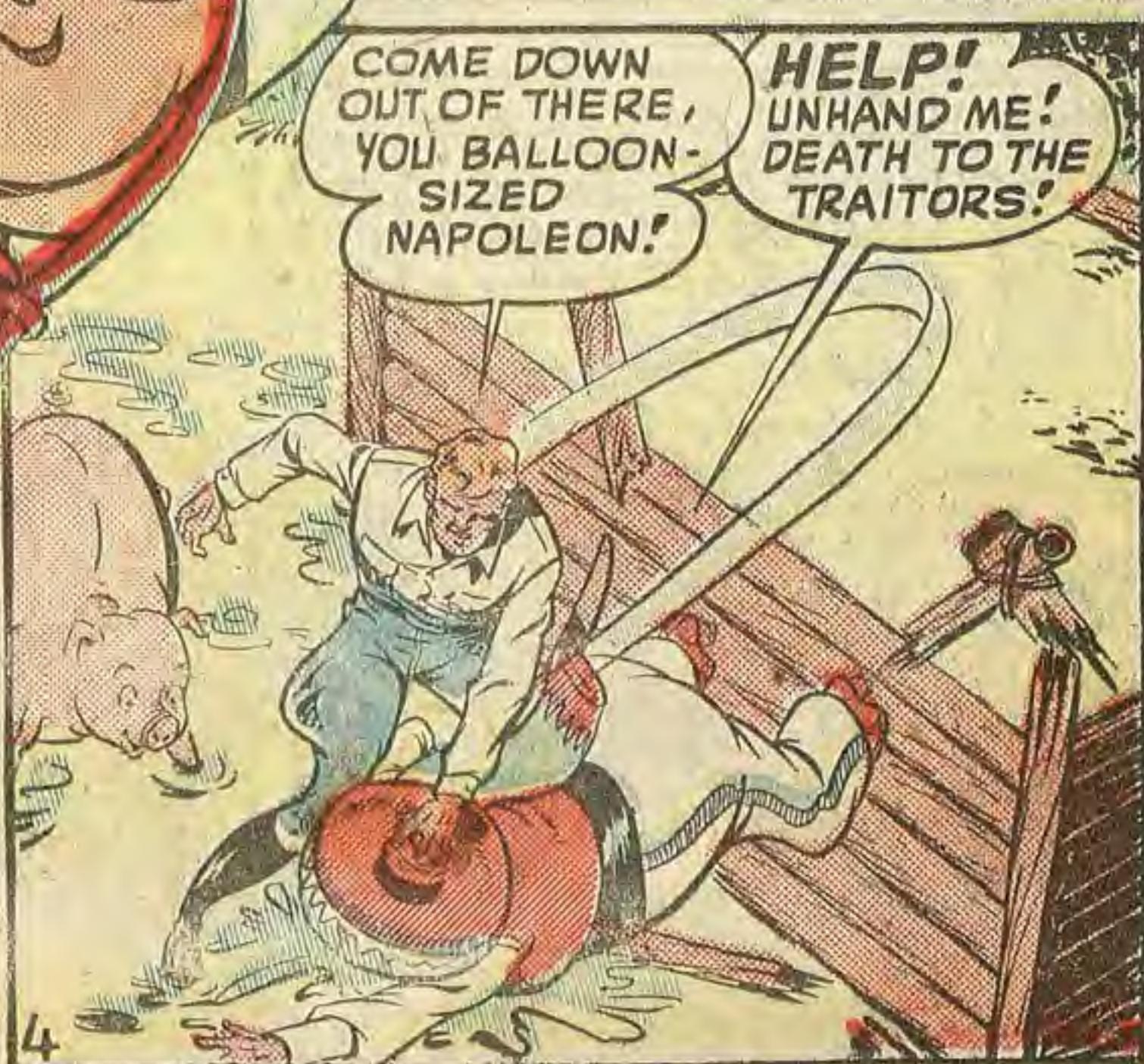
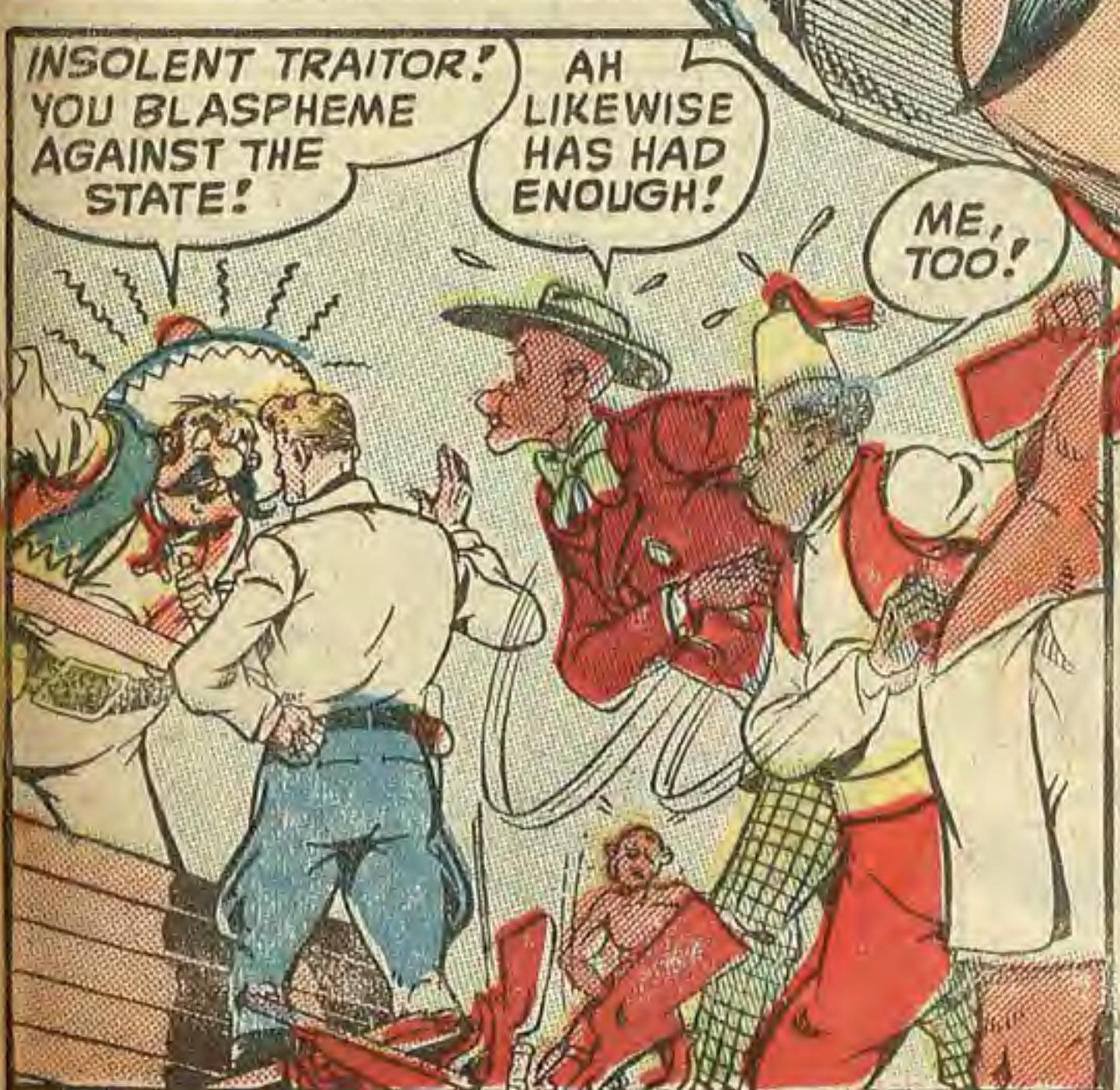
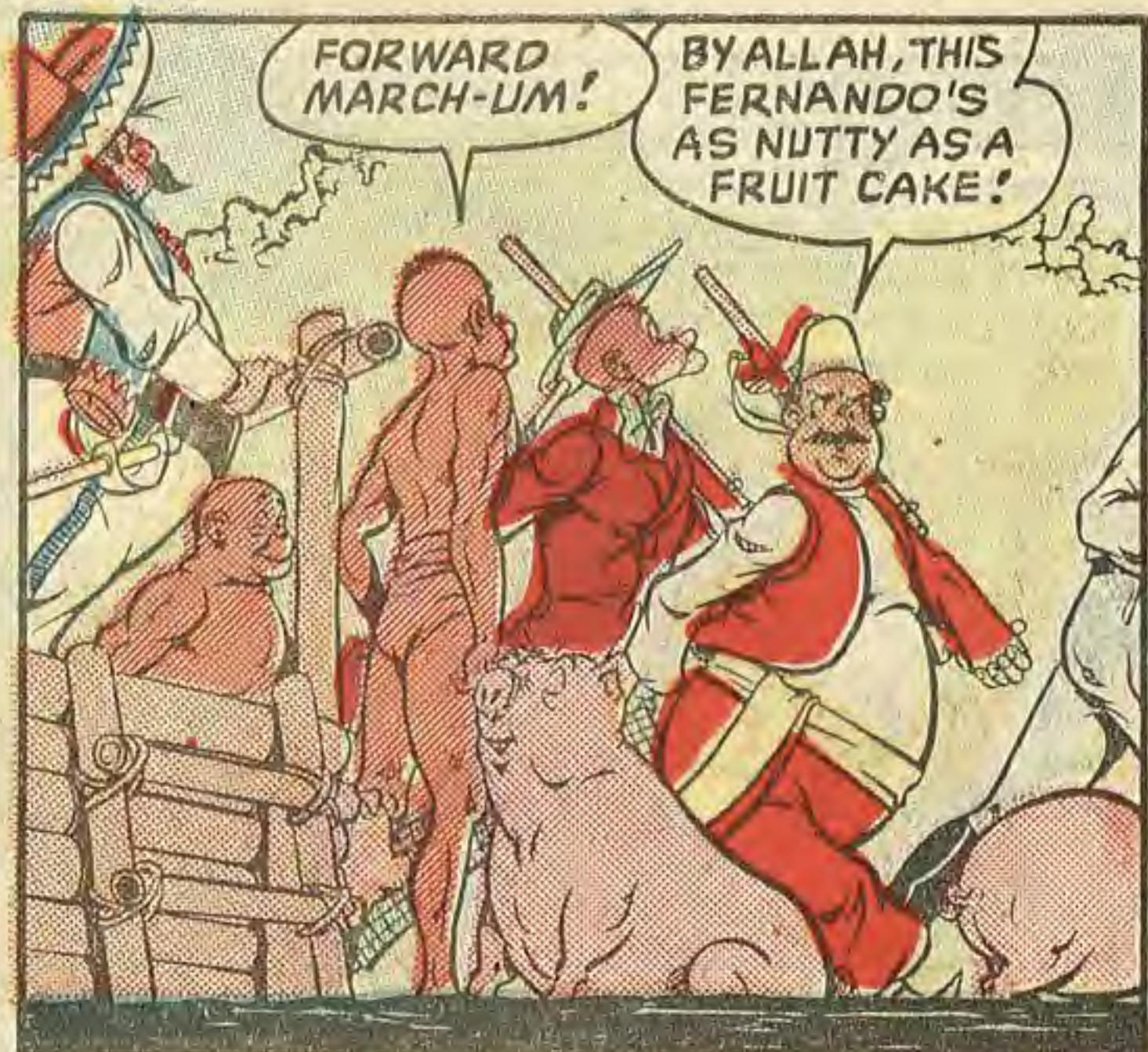
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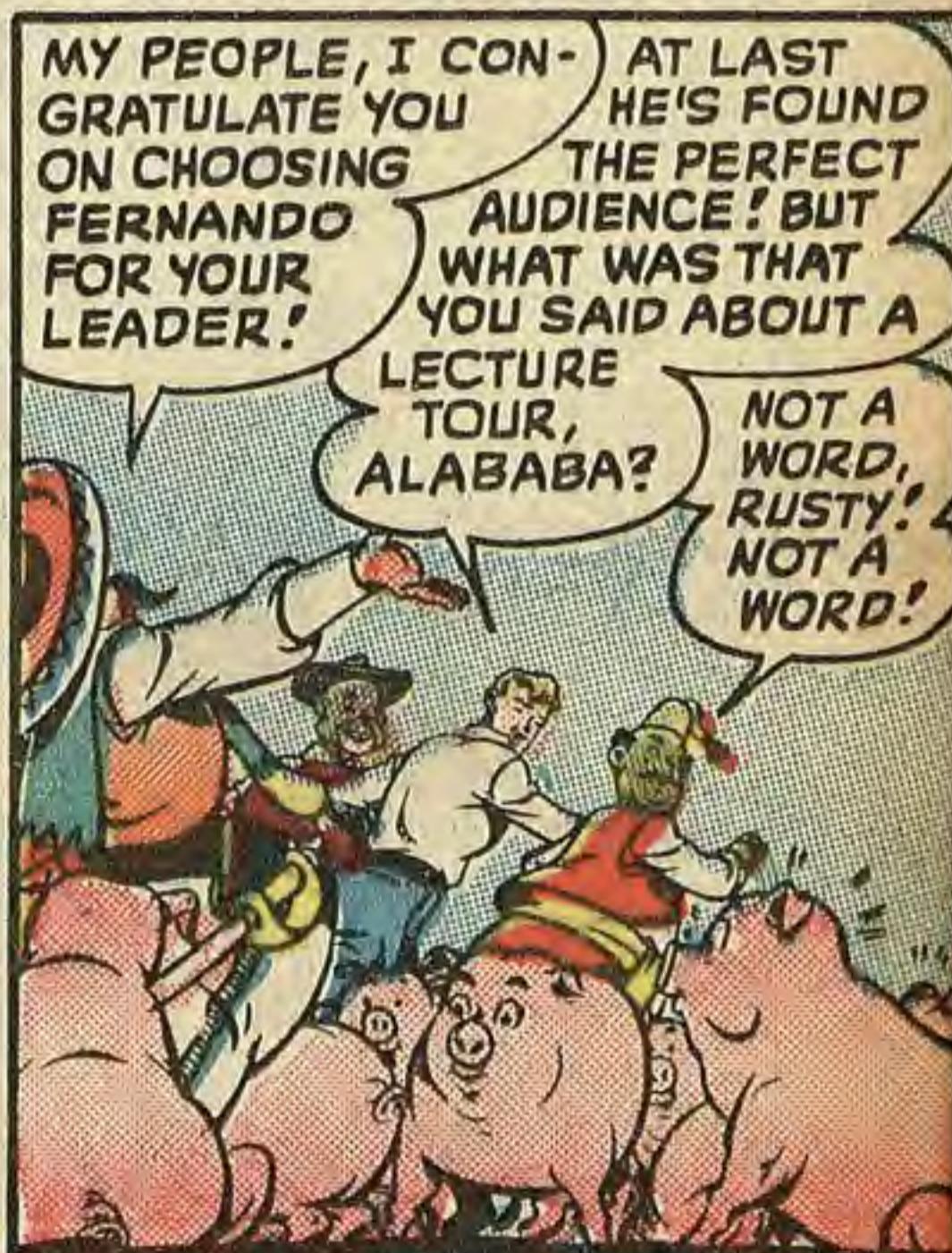
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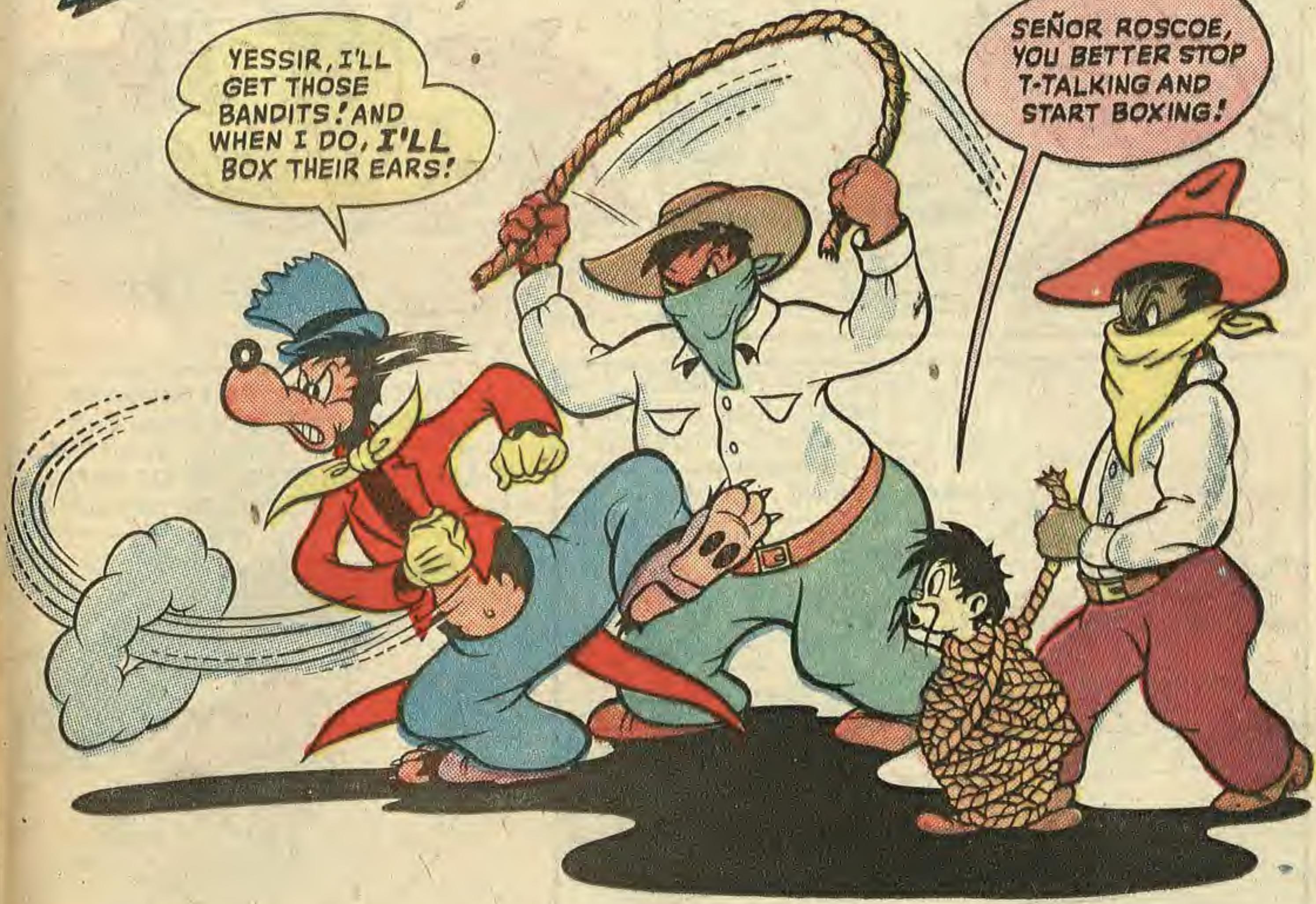
FEATURE COMICS



ROSCOE

YESSIR, I'LL
GET THOSE
BANDITS! AND
WHEN I DO, I'LL
BOX THEIR EARS!

SEÑOR ROSCOE,
YOU BETTER STOP
T-TALKING AND
START BOXING!

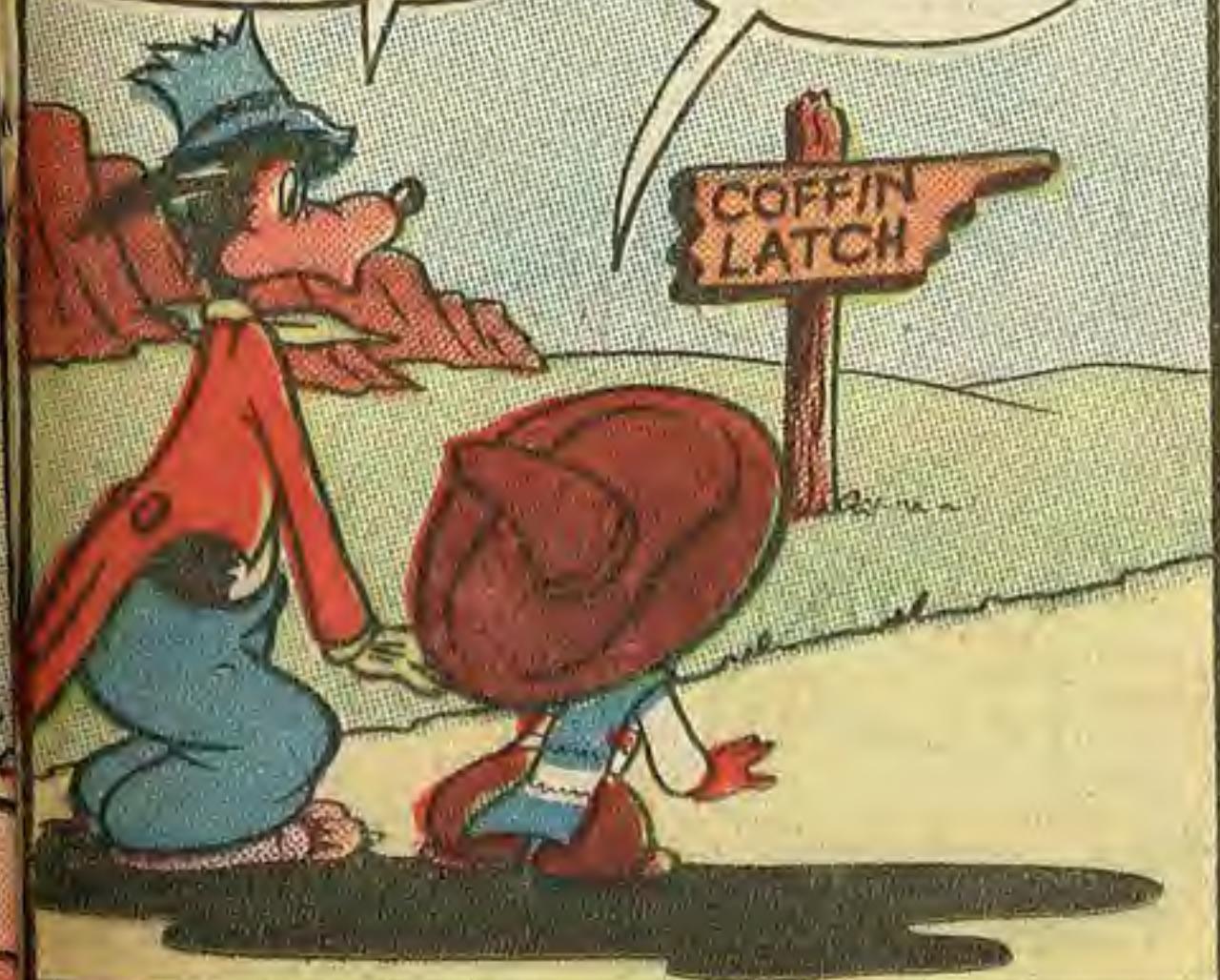


THIS LOOKS LIKE A
PEACEFUL LITTLE
TOWN, EL POPO!
LET'S STOP FOR A
WHILE AND REST!

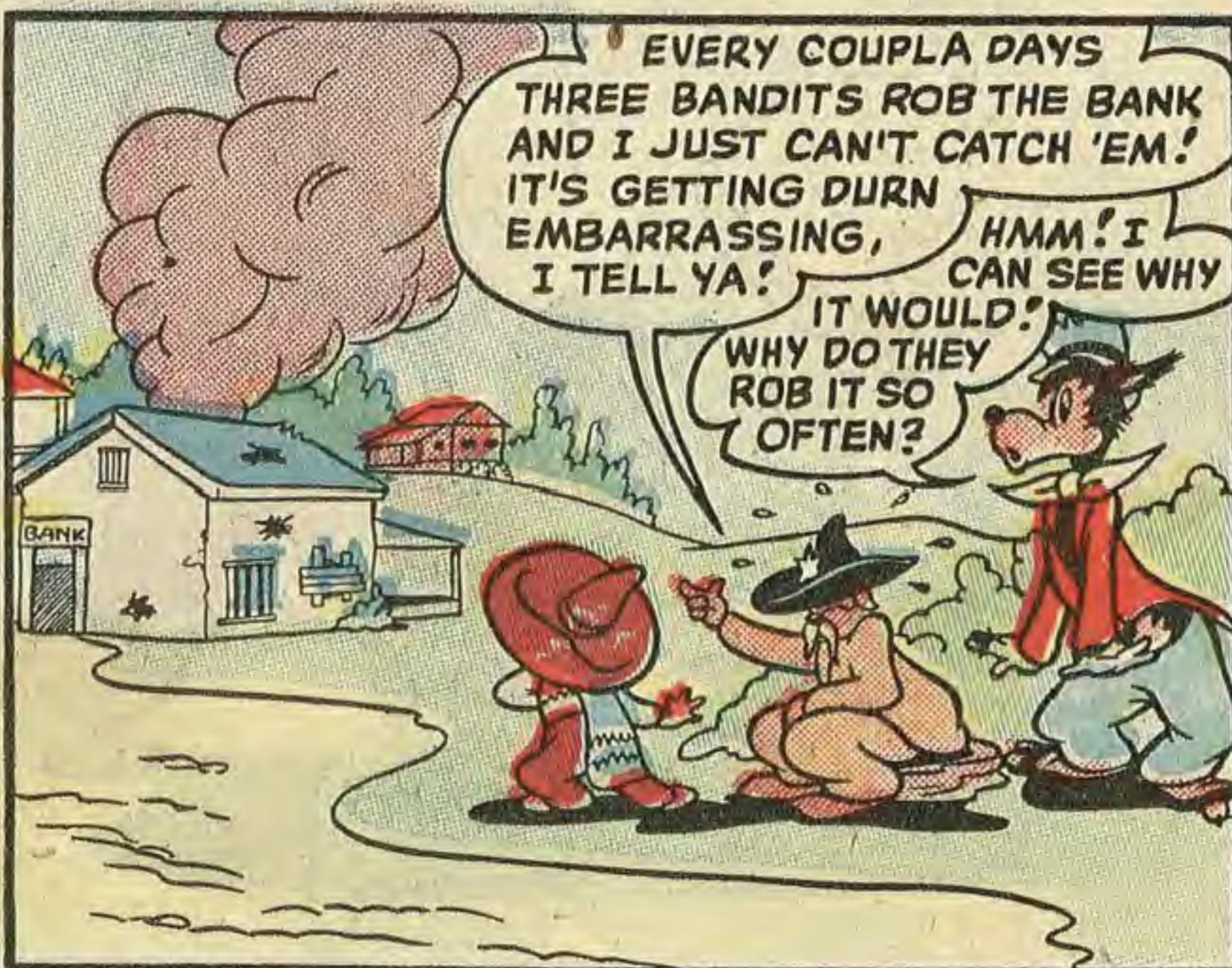
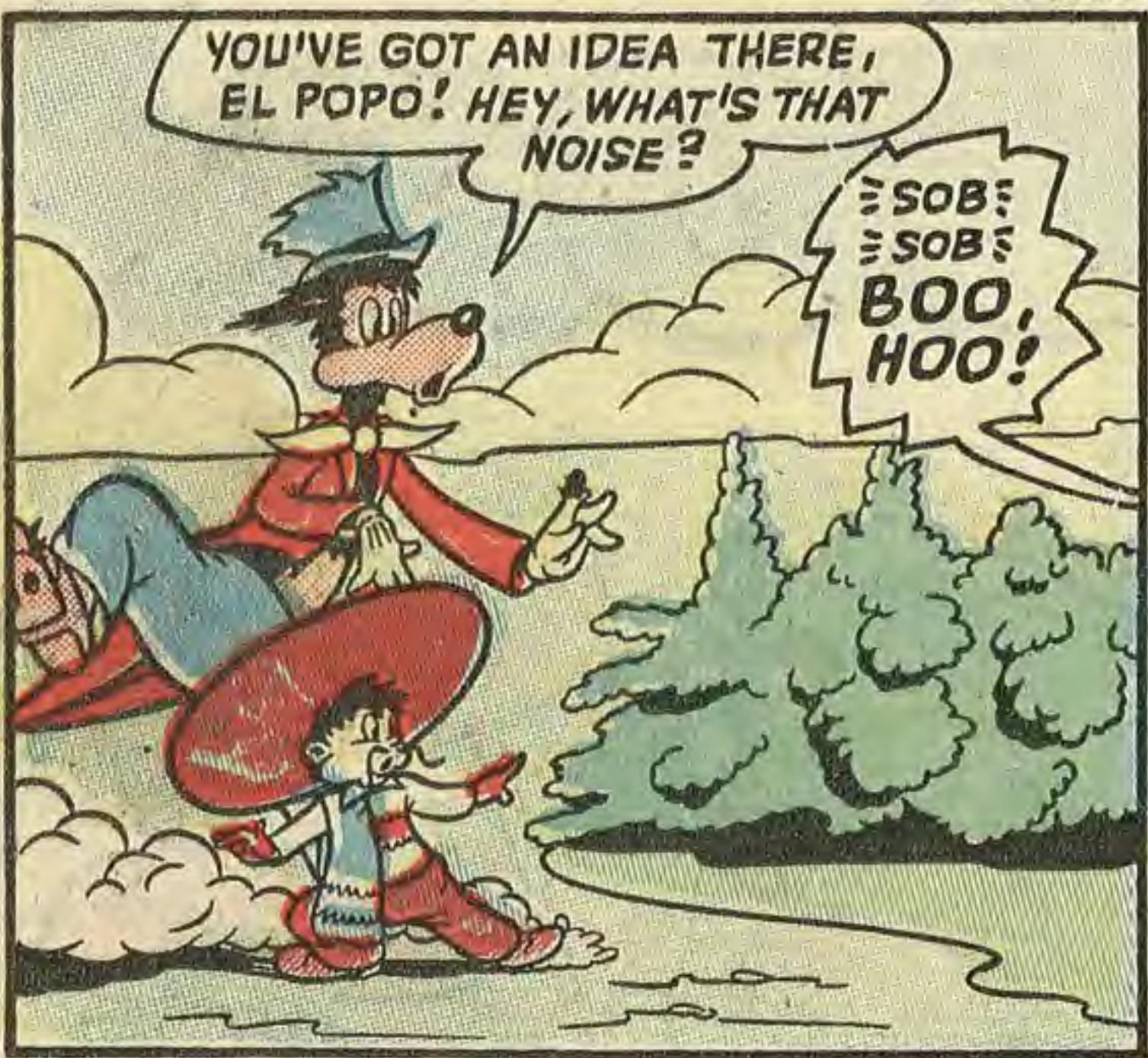
EEF WE STAY HERE
TOO LONG, WE MAY
REST EEN
PEACE, SEÑOR
ROSCOE!

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS!
BUT...ER, SAY...THIS HERE
VILLAGE IS SORTA LOUD,
ISN'T IT?

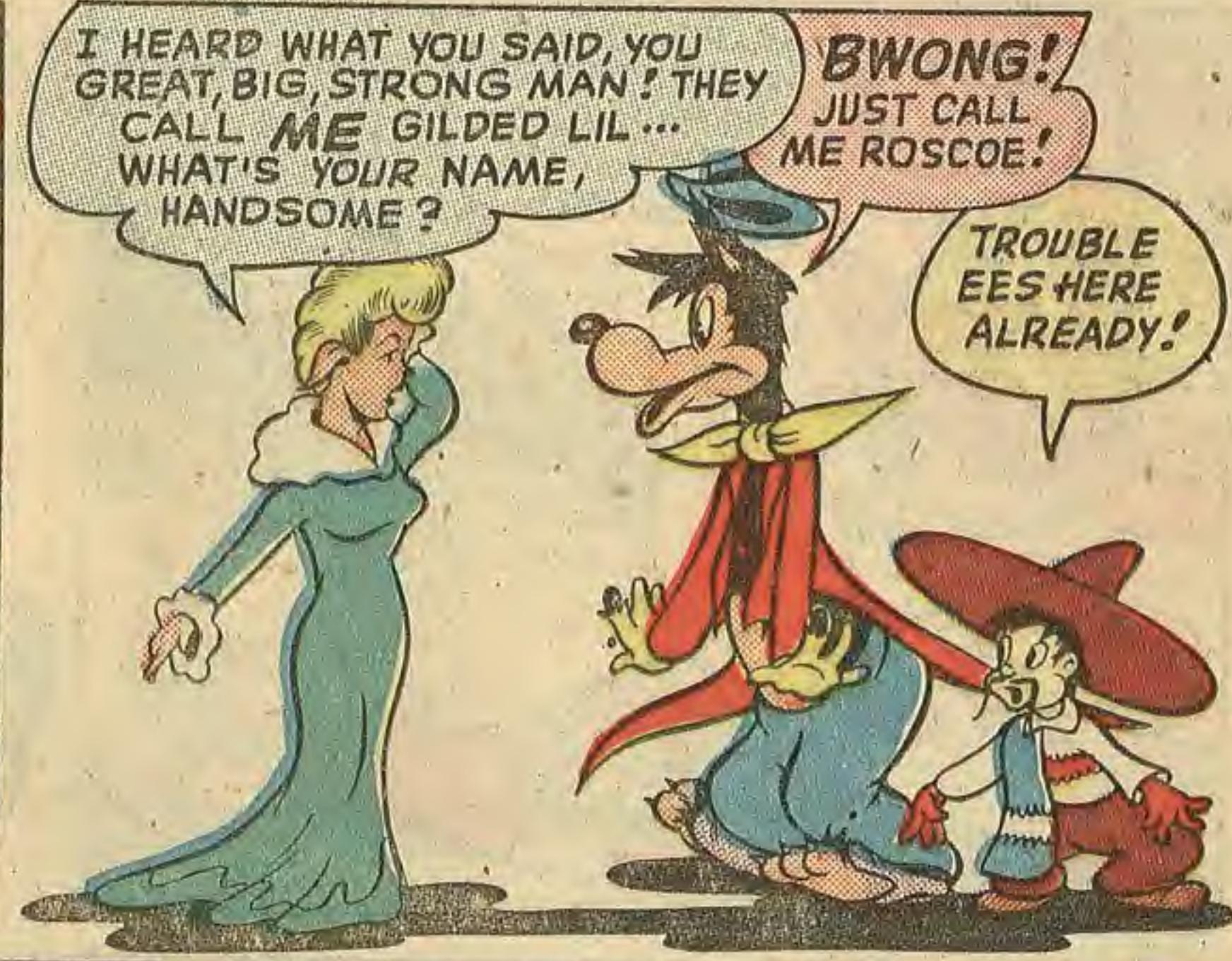
QUEECK, SEÑOR!
WE LEAVE PRONTO!



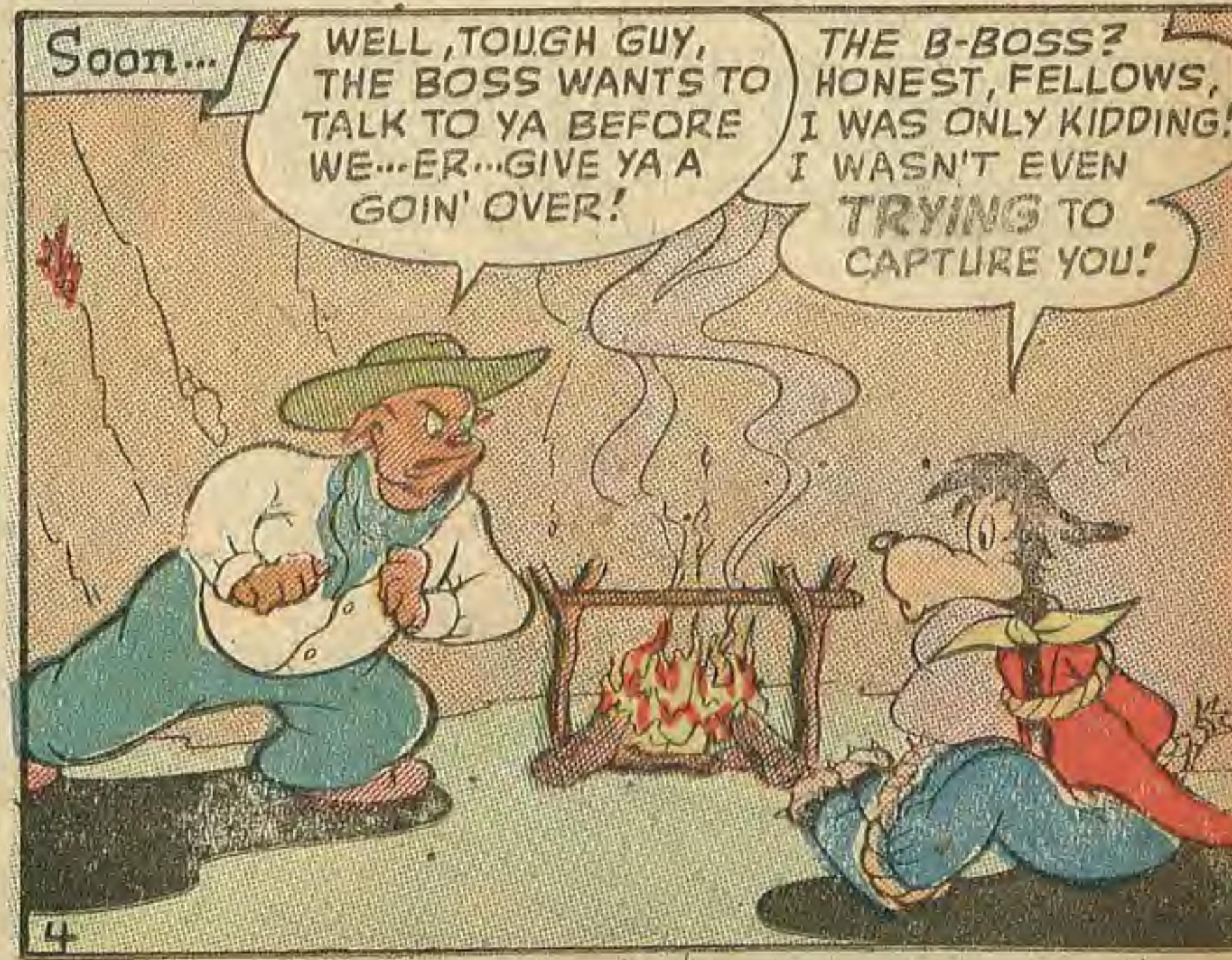
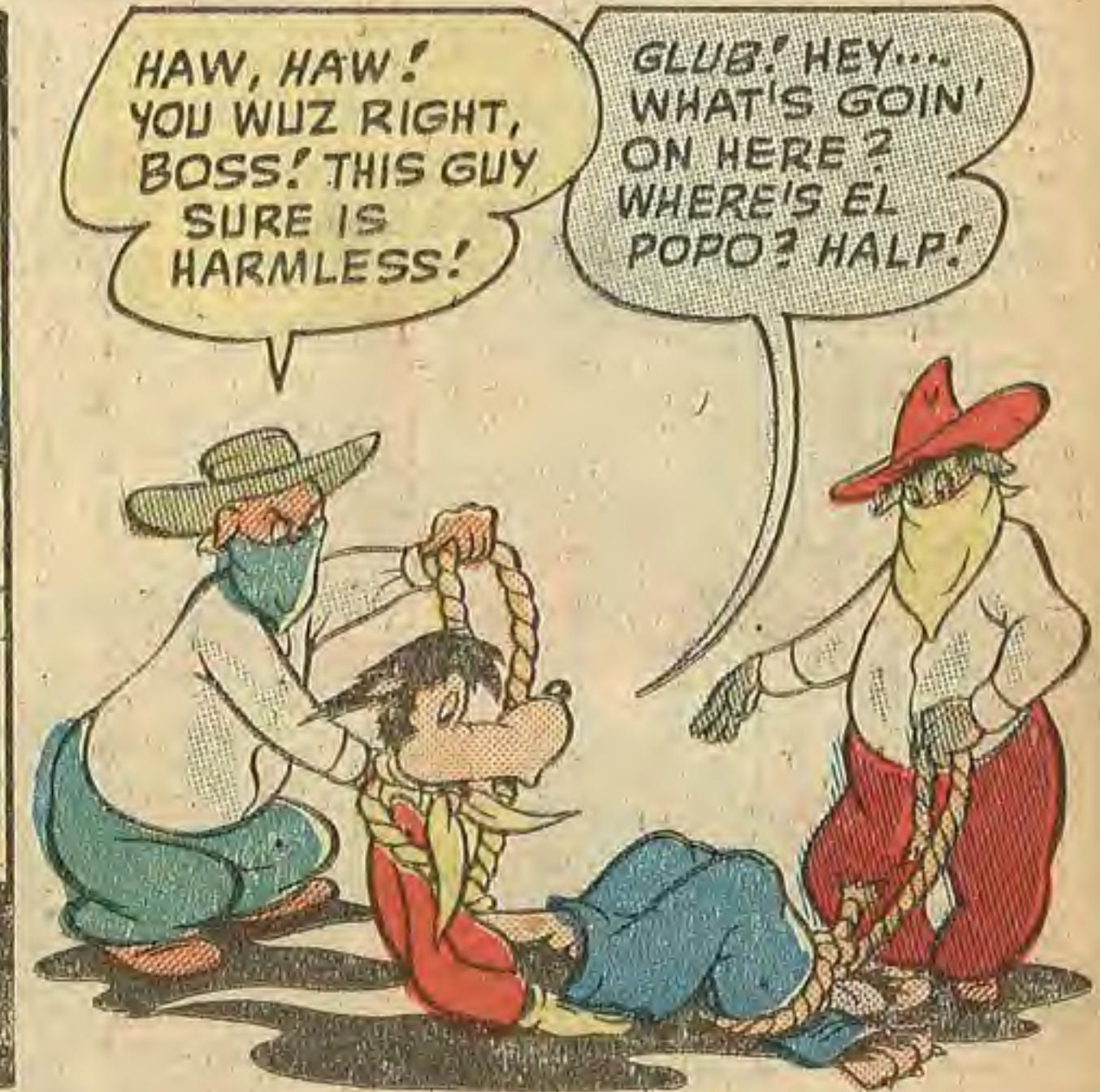
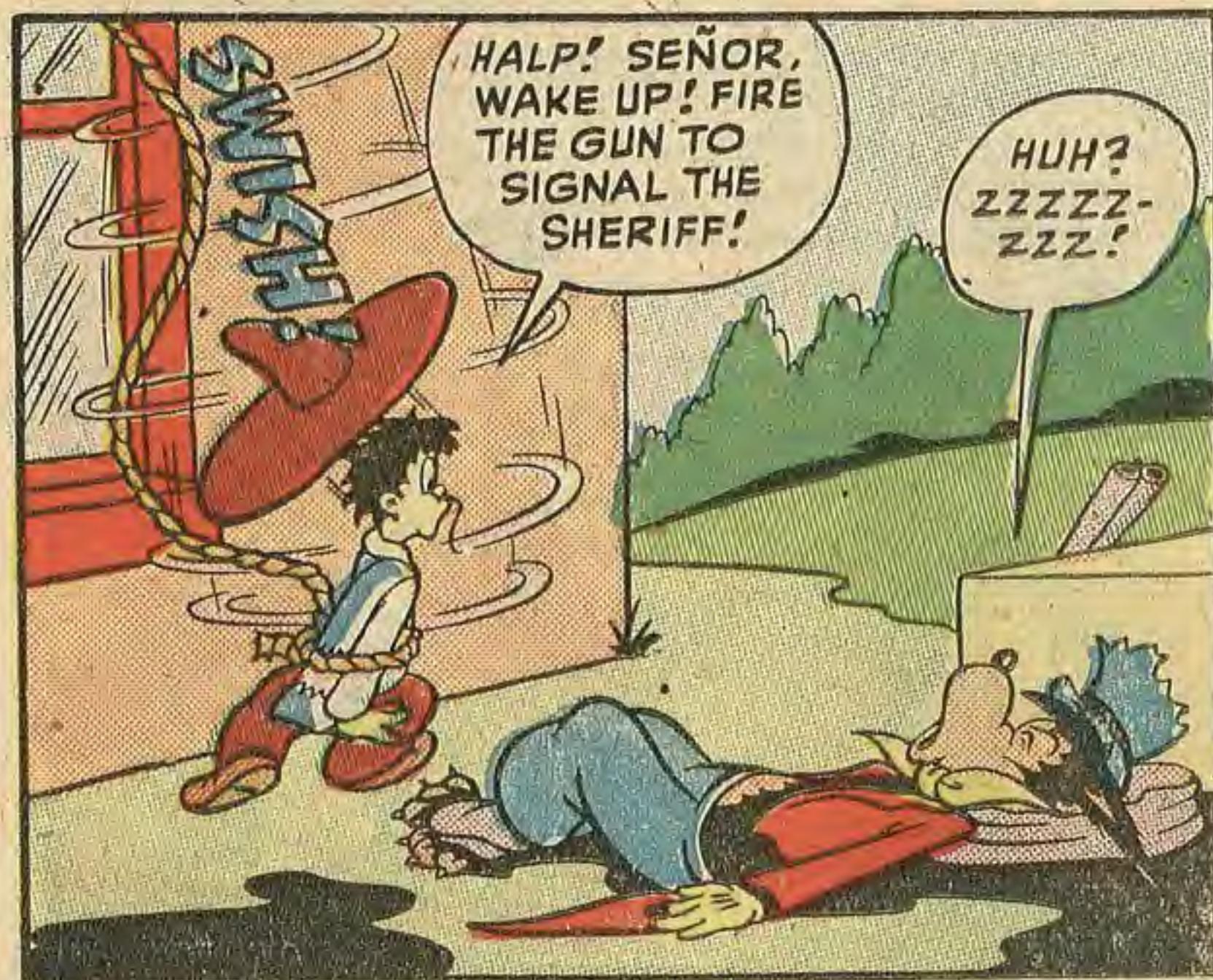
FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



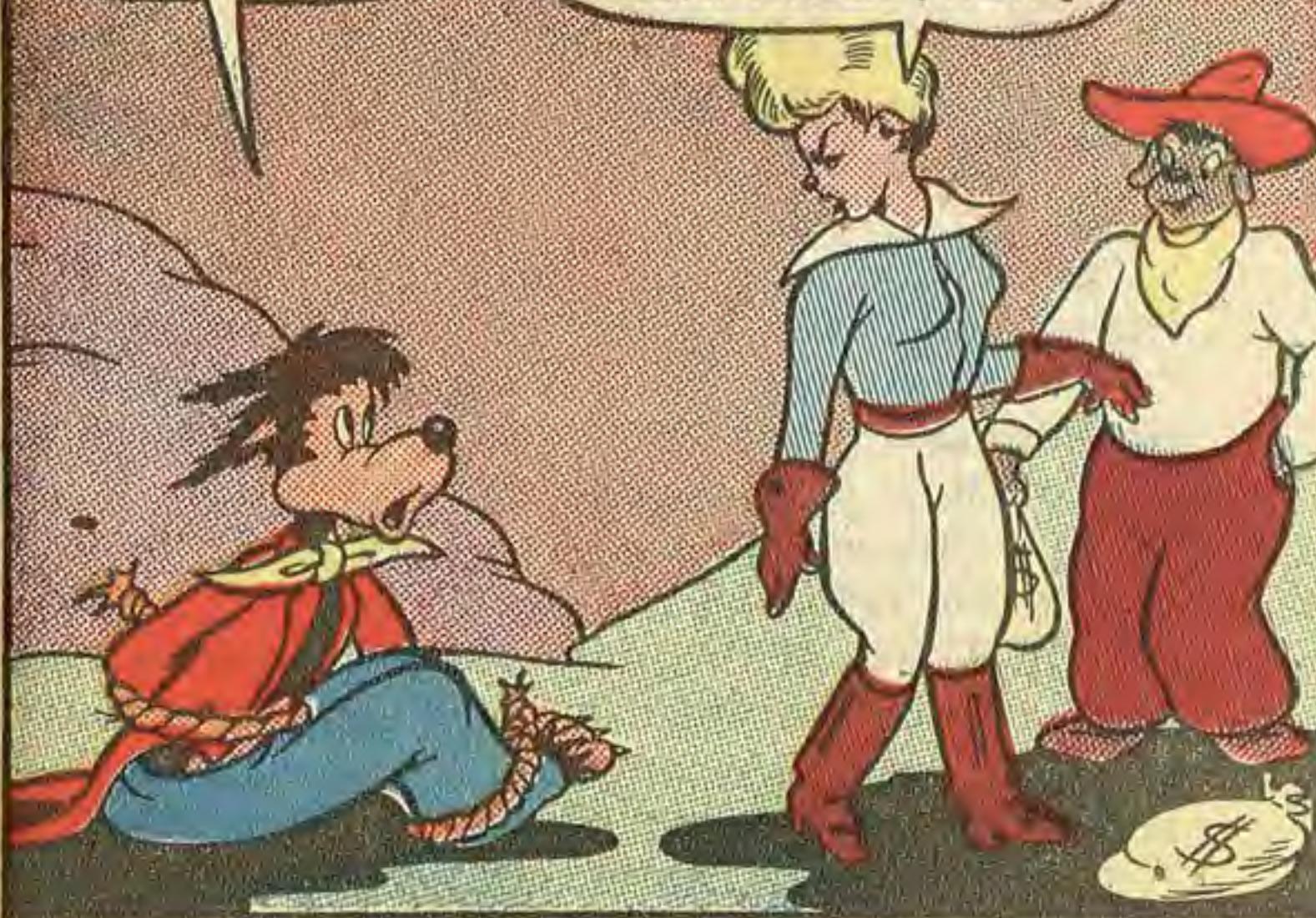
FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS

LIL! YOU...
THE B-BOSS?
AND I THOUGHT...

THAT'S RIGHT, BRIGHT BOY!
I'M THE MOST FAMOUS LADY
CROOK IN THE WEST! KINDA
SURPRISED, HUH?



Meanwhile...

EEN ADVENTURE
STORIES THE HERO
BURNS OFF THE ROPES
ON A HOT ROCK! EL POPO
WEEL TRY THE TRICK,
TOO!



AH, THEY ARE BUSY WEETH SEÑOR ROSCOE! THEES TIME I WEEL SAVE HEEM AND I WEEL BE RECOGNIZED AS THE HERO!

HAW!
HAW!
HAW!



HEY, LIL! THAT LITTLE ONE'S GONE!
I'LL GIT RIGHT AFTER HIM!

OKAY, BUT HURRY BACK!
WE GOTTA SPLIT THE LOOT AND SCRAM!



Moments later...

WE FINALLY GOT YOU VARMINTS, EH? AND GILLED.
LIL IS THE SECRET LEADER!
TCH, TCH! DON'T ANY OF YOU MAKE A MOVE! YOU'RE ALL COVERED!

AH, NOW TO FREE YOU, SEÑOR ROSCOE!



Y'SEE, I SENT FOR HELP AFTER I CAPTURED THE CROOKS, SHERIFF! HAD A TOUGH TIME HOLDING 'EM, TOO!

YOU'RE A HERO, ROSCOE! THESE DESPERADOES WILL SWEAT OUT LONG SENTENCES FOR THEIR CRIMES!

LET'S SEE EEF SEÑOR EES A HERO WHEN HE, TOO, STARTS TO SWEAT! THERE EES MORE THAN ONE TREECK I CAN DO WEETH THEES HOT ROCK!



Mario's CURSE

WITH a replete sigh, Darrel Dane pushed himself away from the dinner table in the candle-lit patio and smiled across it at Clement Pasquale, an old friend who had invited Darrel to spend the week here at his home in New Orleans. Head of one of the city's oldest and most respected families, Pasquale was a big, broad-shouldered man with graying hair. He had just recently become a widower. He smiled back, and offered Darrel a thin panatella cigar.

"So, Darrel," he boomed as he bent over the candle to light his own cigar, "we have much to talk about, eh? Where shall we begin?"

It had been nearly ten years since the two had last met and they had a lot of ground to cover. It was nearly midnight when their talk of the past was interrupted by the arrival of Pasquale's daughter, a tall, willowy girl with dark, expressive eyes. She was accompanied by a tall, dark young man with startling white teeth.

Clement Pasquale smiled at the couple and introduced them to Darrel as his daughter, Marie, and her fiance, Anthony Perez.

"Fiance?" said Darrel as he shook their hands. "That smacks of a wedding."

"And you, Mr. Darrel," replied young Anthony, "are invited to attend it. Yes. We are being married tomorrow in the chapel behind the garden."

"Congratulations!" exclaimed Darrel. "It really makes me—" he stopped short as he saw the stricken look on Marie Pasquale's face.

Even as Darrel turned towards her with concern, Marie's eyes filled with tears. She whirled suddenly and stumbled from the patio, sobbing. Darrel, watching her sudden flight with alarm, saw that the look on her face was one of fear! Anthony excused himself hastily and followed the fleeing girl.

As the couple vanished, Darrel turned to Pasquale. "Clement," he said with concern, "I don't wish to pry, but your daughter seems terrified at the thought of her wedding."

"No, not of her wedding," replied Pasquale in a troubled tone, "but of a sinister mystery that has plagued our family for a hundred years. Events connected with that mystery have so far been responsible for the death of five brides of the Pasquales on their wedding night! Marie is afraid that she will be the next victim!"

"You've never spoken of this before, Clement," said Darrel.

"It is not a thing to discuss lightly, my friend," replied Pasquale. "But now I will speak. 'A hundred years ago,' he began, 'the first Marie Pasquale promised her hand in marriage to Mario Diaz, a handsome and swaggering buccaneer. The wedding was to take place on the day Mario returned from a sea voyage, and to remind Marie of this day, Mario presented her with a priceless Spanish comb encrusted with precious jewels. A comb, by the way, which is still in the possession of the Pasquale family. A year later when Mario returned, Marie indeed was married, but to another man. Mario was furious. As the newly married couple turned away from the altar, he cried out in a rage: 'A curse on the house of Pasquale! May all brides who bear that name, die on their wedding day!'"

Clement Pasquale paused a moment and then went on solemnly: "It happened quite suddenly. Marie clutched in agony at her head and fell to the floor of the chapel, crying out, 'Les dents! Les dents!' She was dead when they picked her up."

"Les dents! les dents!" muttered Darrel. "The teeth! the teeth!" he translated. "I wonder what she meant by that, Clement?"

"No one knows," replied Pasquale, "but this I can tell you. Since that day, four more brides bearing the name of Pasquale have died with those words on their lips. Les dents! The teeth!" He turned a worried face towards Darrel. "Darrel, I'm afraid. Terribly afraid—for Marie!"

"Forget it for tonight, Clement," Darrel counseled. "The whole thing's probably just a family superstition. You'll probably see it in a different light tomorrow, after a good night's sleep."

Clement Pasquale sighed wearily. "I hope so, Darrel. I hope so. In the meanwhile, come. I'll show you to your room. You must be very tired."

Darrel Dane had just drifted off to sleep in the huge four-poster bed when he felt someone shaking him roughly and heard a frantic voice shouting in his ear, "Darrel! Wake up, Darrel. Marie is not in her room! She's gone!"

Shocked into wakefulness, Darrel sat up quickly in bed and saw Clement Pasquale standing beside him. "Marie—not in her room?" he exclaimed. "Come on. Let's see if we can find her." Grabbing his robe, Darrel raced from the room, with the frantic Pasquale close behind.

As they reached the head of the stairs, Darrel, glancing down at the front door, saw it close

FEATURE COMICS

hastily on a willowy figure in white. "There's Marie, Clement!" he shouted. "She just ran out the door. After her!"

They caught up with Marie in the patio. As Clement Pasquale put a hand on her shoulder, her face twisted and she pressed her head against her father's chest. "It's no use, Papa," she cried out. "I can't go through with the wedding tomorrow! I'm afraid. I don't want to die!"

Pasquale patted his daughter's head reassuringly and turned a saddened face to Darrel. "You see, Darrel. To we Pasquales, Mario's curse is very real."

"Yes. Marie is truly terrified," said Darrel thoughtfully. "Tell me, Clement," he asked suddenly, "does tradition dictate the Pasquale bride's trousseau?"

"But yes," replied Clement. "All our brides wear the Pasquale mantilla, which has been handed down for generations, and the jeweled comb. But what use is this talk of marriage? The wedding cannot go on!"

"I disagree, Clement," replied Darrel. "The wedding *can* and *must* go on! Only then can the curse be broken. Go on with the ceremony, Clement, I guarantee *nothing will happen!*"

The next morning, two hours before the wedding was scheduled to take place, Darrel Dane stood before the public library in downtown New Orleans and wondered how he was going to gain entrance to the building. The book, which he was sure would help him solve the mystery of Mario's oath, was probably on one of the shelves inside. But it was Sunday—the library was closed.

Suddenly, a partly opened window on the third floor caught his eye. Throwing all the powers of his strong will into the effort, Darrel concentrated the molecules of his body. In a second, Darrel Dane was a tiny mite, barely eighteen inches tall. He had become—the Doll Man!

Running up the side of the building to within a foot of the open window was a drainpipe. The Doll Man rapidly climbed the pipe and a few minutes later was inside the library. He headed immediately for a section of books listed under "Crime," and after a few minutes' search found the volume he had come for. It was titled, "FAMOUS MURDERS OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY." For the next thir-

ty minutes, time stood still for the Doll Man as he concentrated on the contents of the book.

An hour later, Darrel Dane, having resumed his identity, raced for the door of the private chapel in Clement Pasquale's garden, where the wedding ceremony was being performed. As he neared the door, he could hear the benediction and he realized the ceremony was nearly over. Indeed, as he entered the Chapel, the newly married couple were just turning away from the altar. He took a quick look at the bride's head and saw the Spanish comb, its jewels glittering brilliantly under the altar lights.

"Anthony!" he called. "Remove the comb from Marie's head! Hurry! It holds the secret of the curse!"

Anthony Perez stared at Darrel a moment, too startled to move. Then feeling the urgency in the voice, he whirled towards Marie and snatched the comb from her head.

Marie's face suddenly paled. She swayed for a moment and then suddenly slumped in a dead faint into Anthony's ready arms.

Darrel sprang towards her and fearfully felt her pulse. It was irregular but strong. He sighed with relief and turned a smiling face to the anxious father and groom. "It's all right," he told them, "Marie will live. The comb was removed in time."

Later that day, Darrel Dane explained Mario's secret to Clement Pasquale and the happy young couple. "The teeth of the comb are hollow," he explained, "and contain a deadly poison of the same consistency as beeswax. The body heat from the head slowly melts the poison, allowing it to drip onto the scalp, where it is taken into the blood system by the pores."

"And thanks to you, old friend, Marie was saved from that," said Clement Pasquale, smiling gratefully at Darrel. "But one thing puzzles me. How did you know it was the comb?"

Darrel smiled. "I was consulting a book on crime during the fifteenth century—a time when criminals went in heavily for odd murder gadgets. I remembered your telling me that the comb Marie was to wear at her wedding had been worn by all the Pasquale brides. And I remembered their dying words, 'Les dents!—The teeth! Do you see it now, Clement? It's just that I happened to remember that combs also have teeth!'"

PERKY

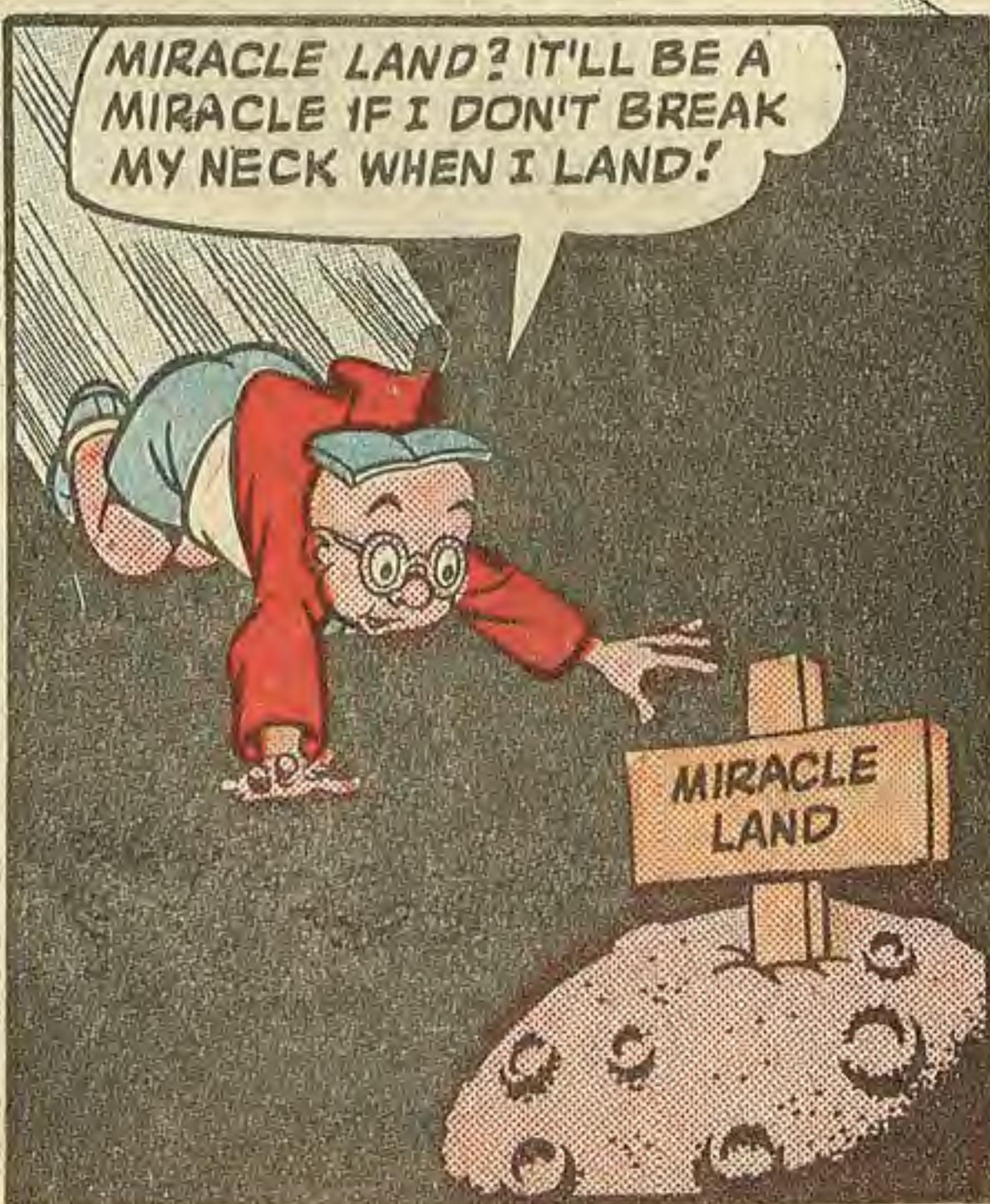
YUP! IN MIRACLE LAND ALL WE NEED IS A STEERING WHEEL AND A LITTLE IMAGINATION TO GO FOR A RIDE!

HOW MANY MILES DO YOU GET TO A GALLON OF IMAGINATION?

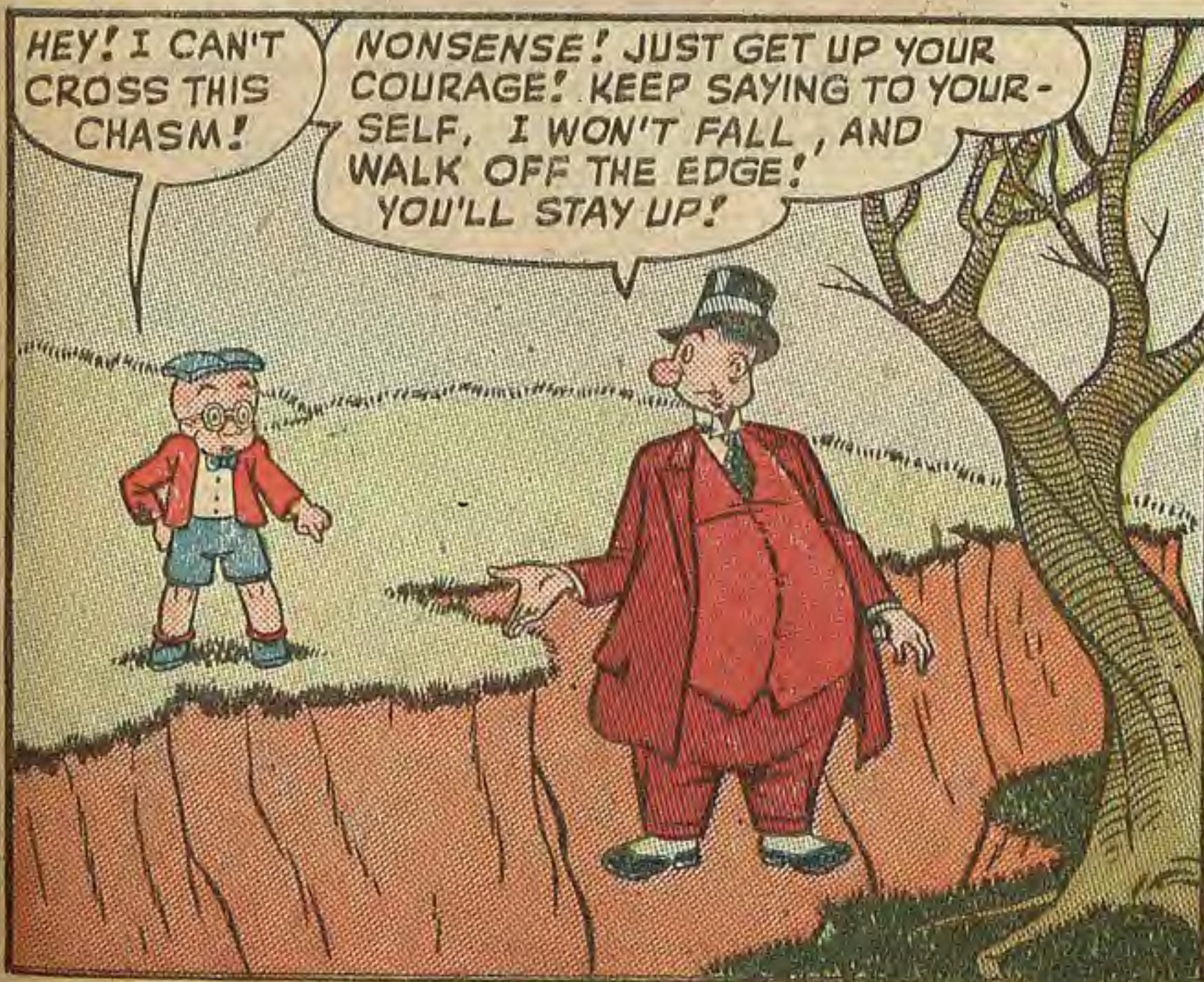
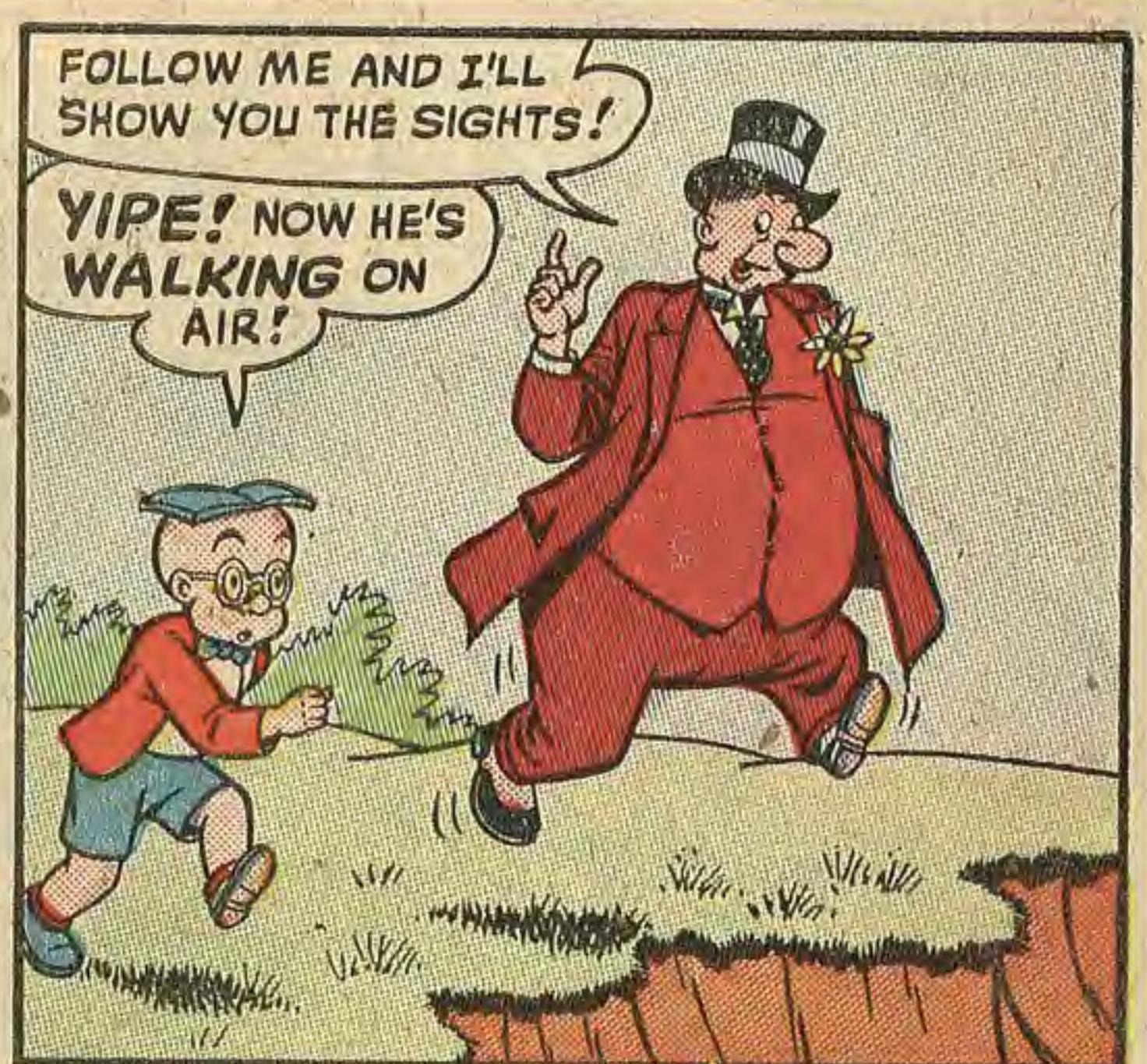
by
-GILL FOX-



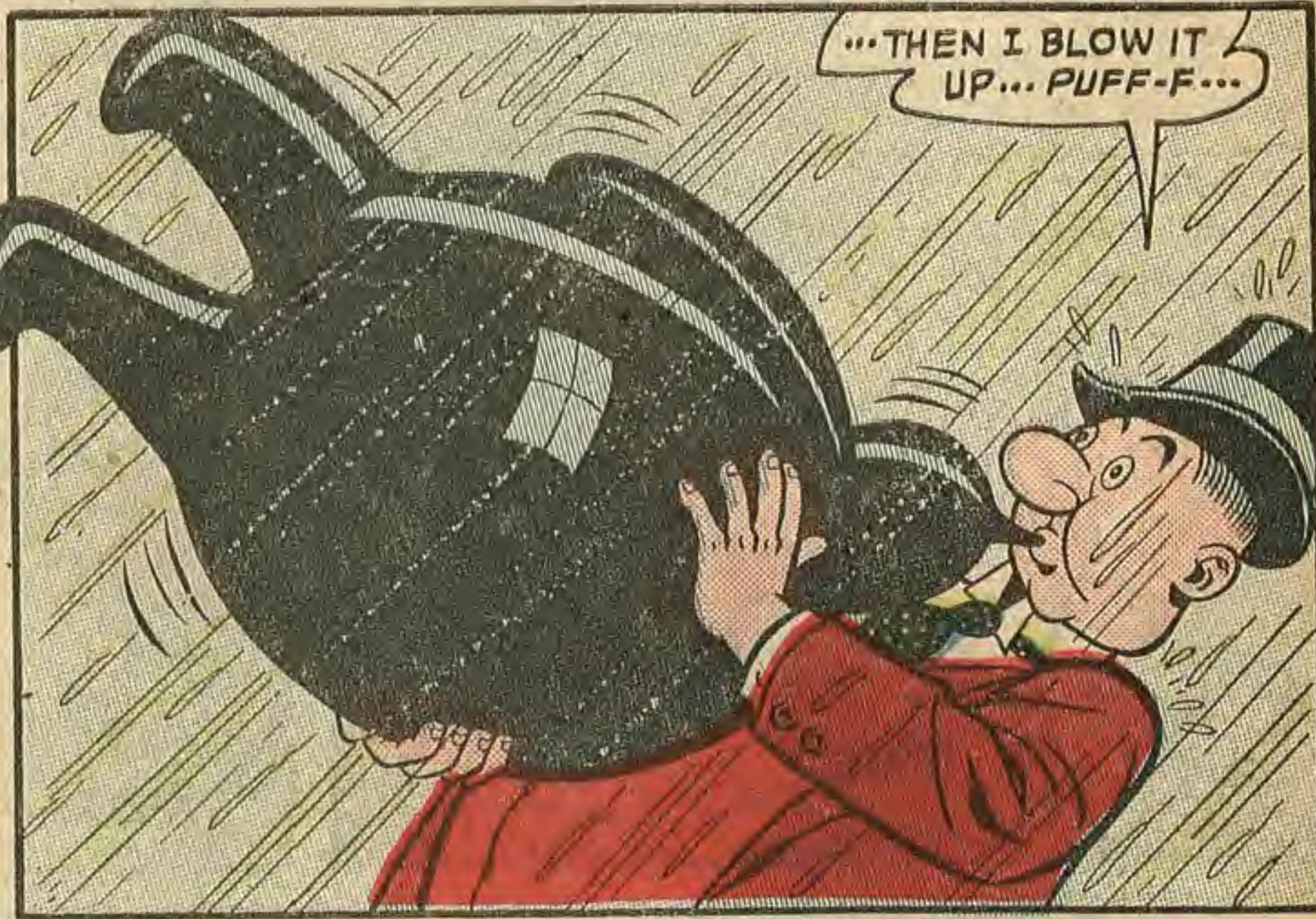
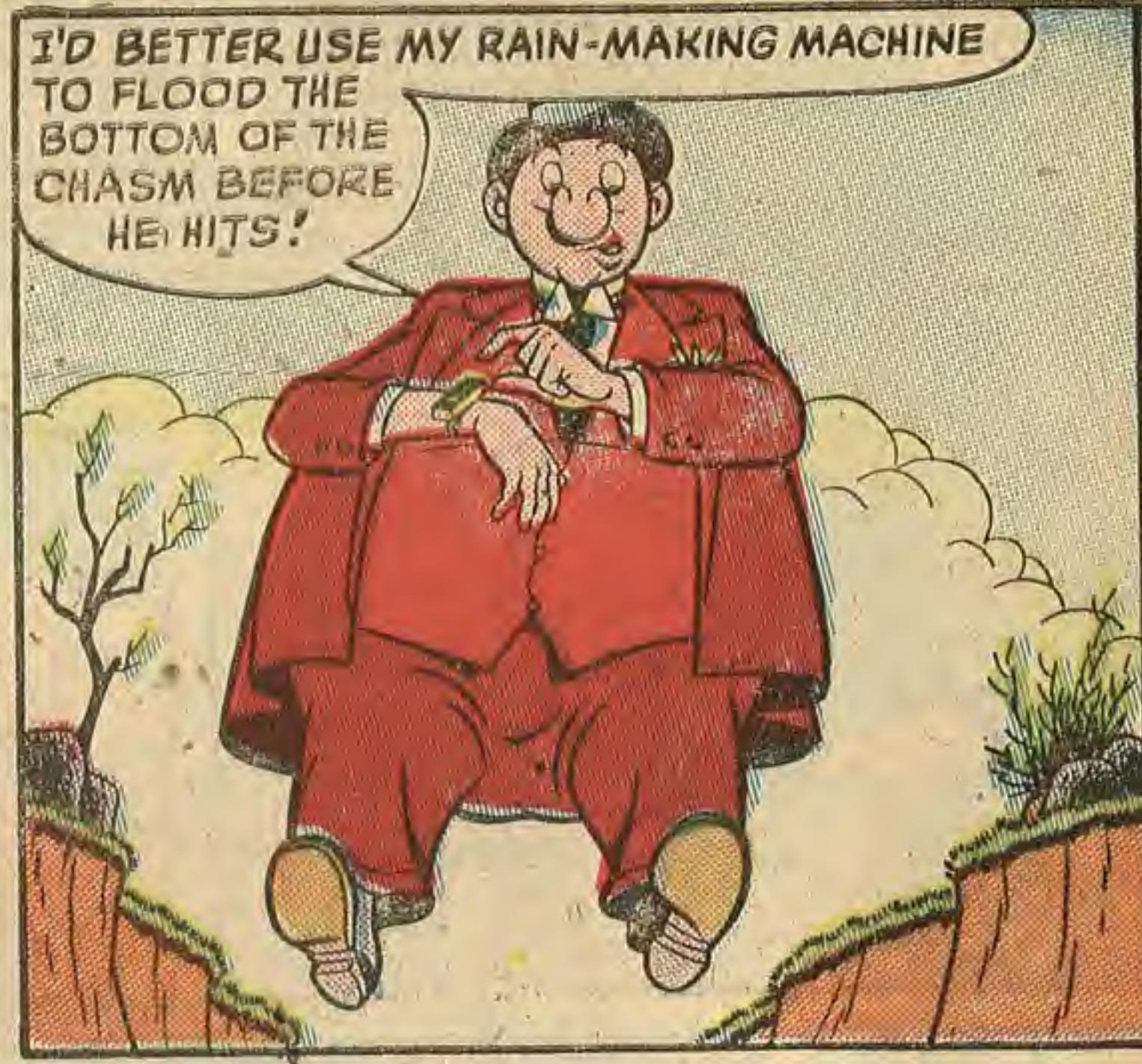
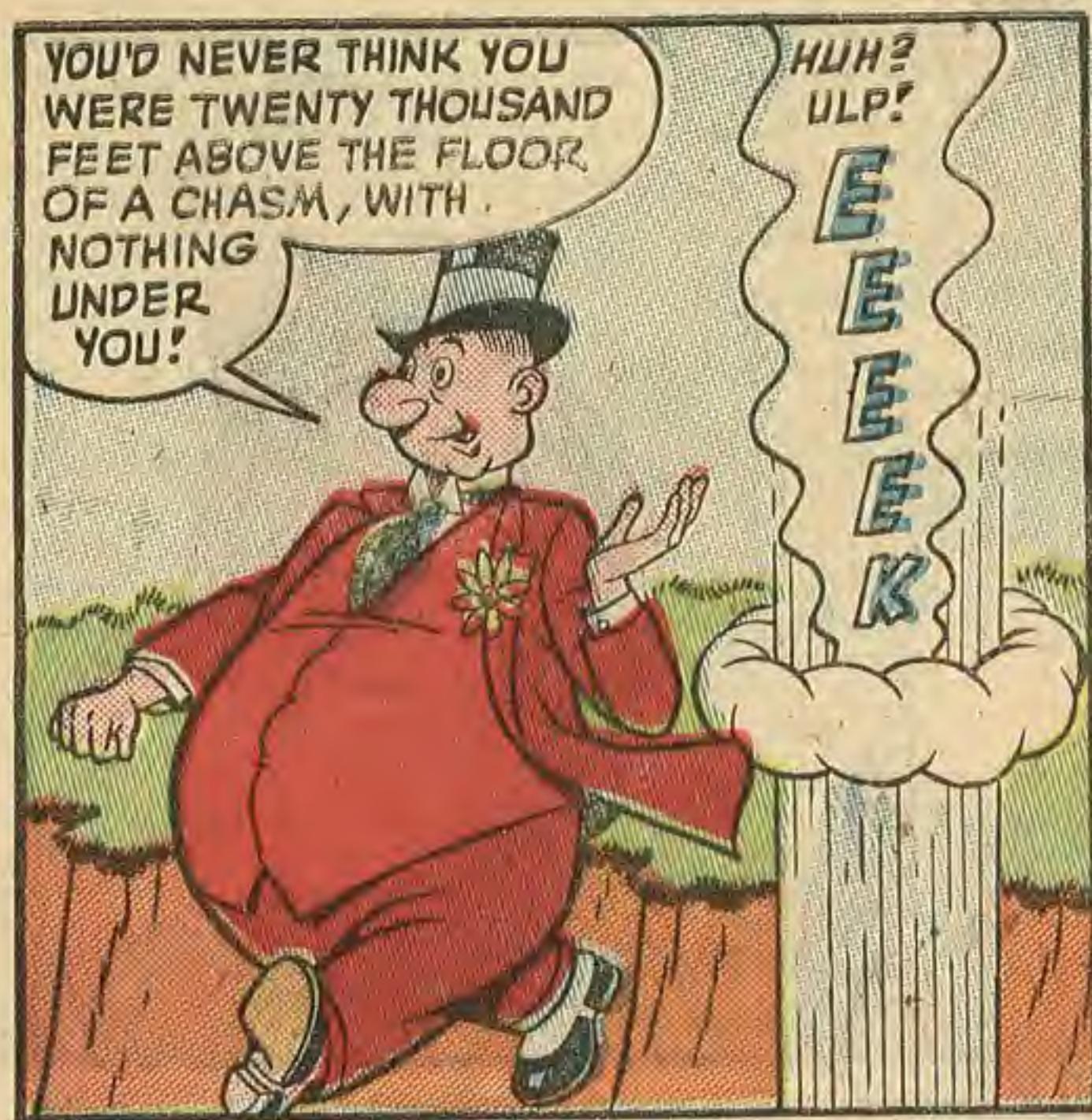
Who said miracles can't happen any more? Perky finds out that there is a land where a miracle is as commonplace as a sneeze, when he continues on his flights to worlds beyond our own...



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



ACTUALLY, I'M NOT HAPPY! THERE ARE TWO THINGS I FIND IMPOSSIBLE TO DO: IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND A BABY SITTER, BECAUSE IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO MAKE MY LITTLE BOY BEHAVE!



I OWE YOU SOMETHING FOR SAVING MY LIFE, SO I'LL TAKE THE JOB!

That night, we find Perky receiving his final instructions as a baby sitter...



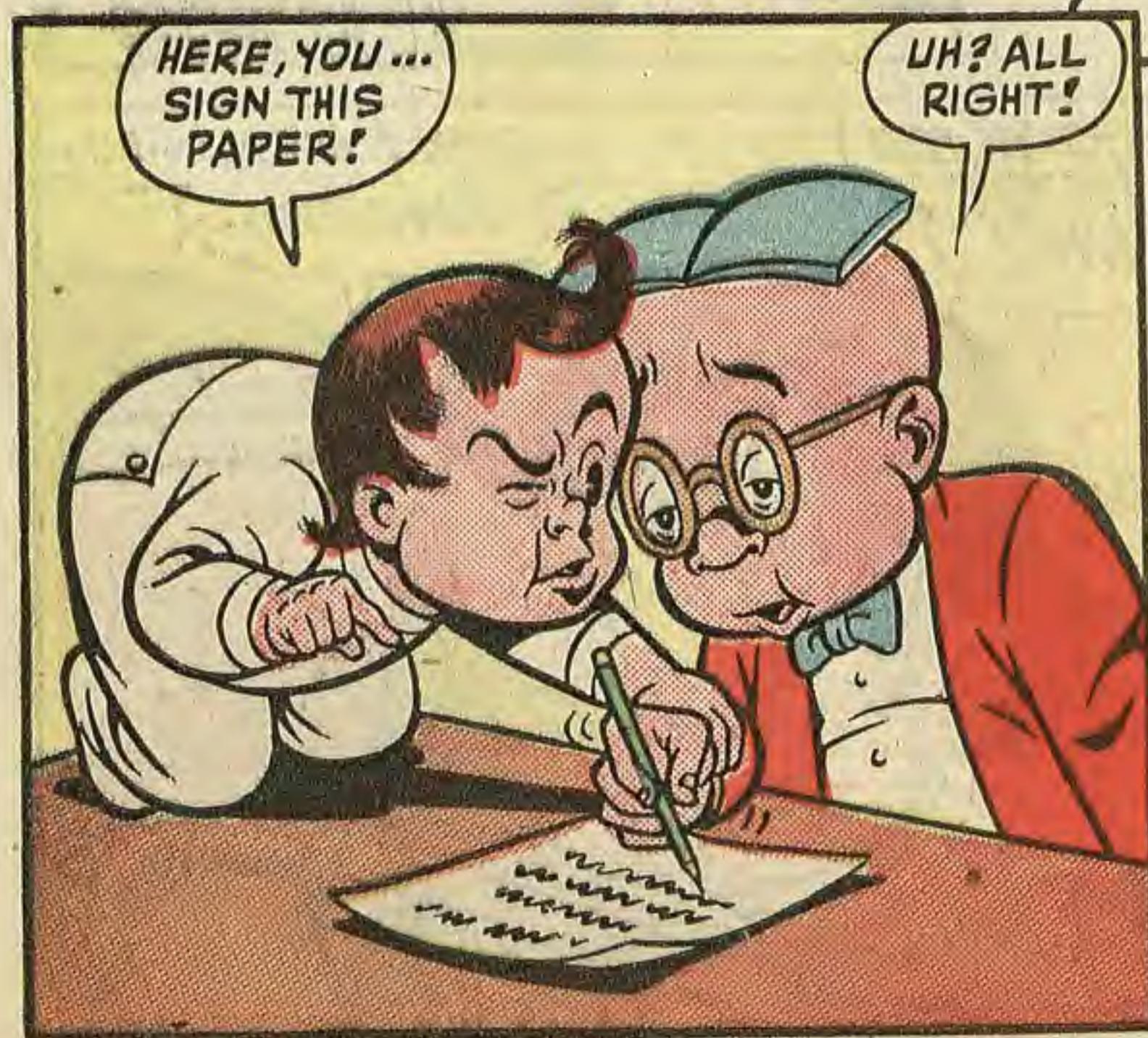
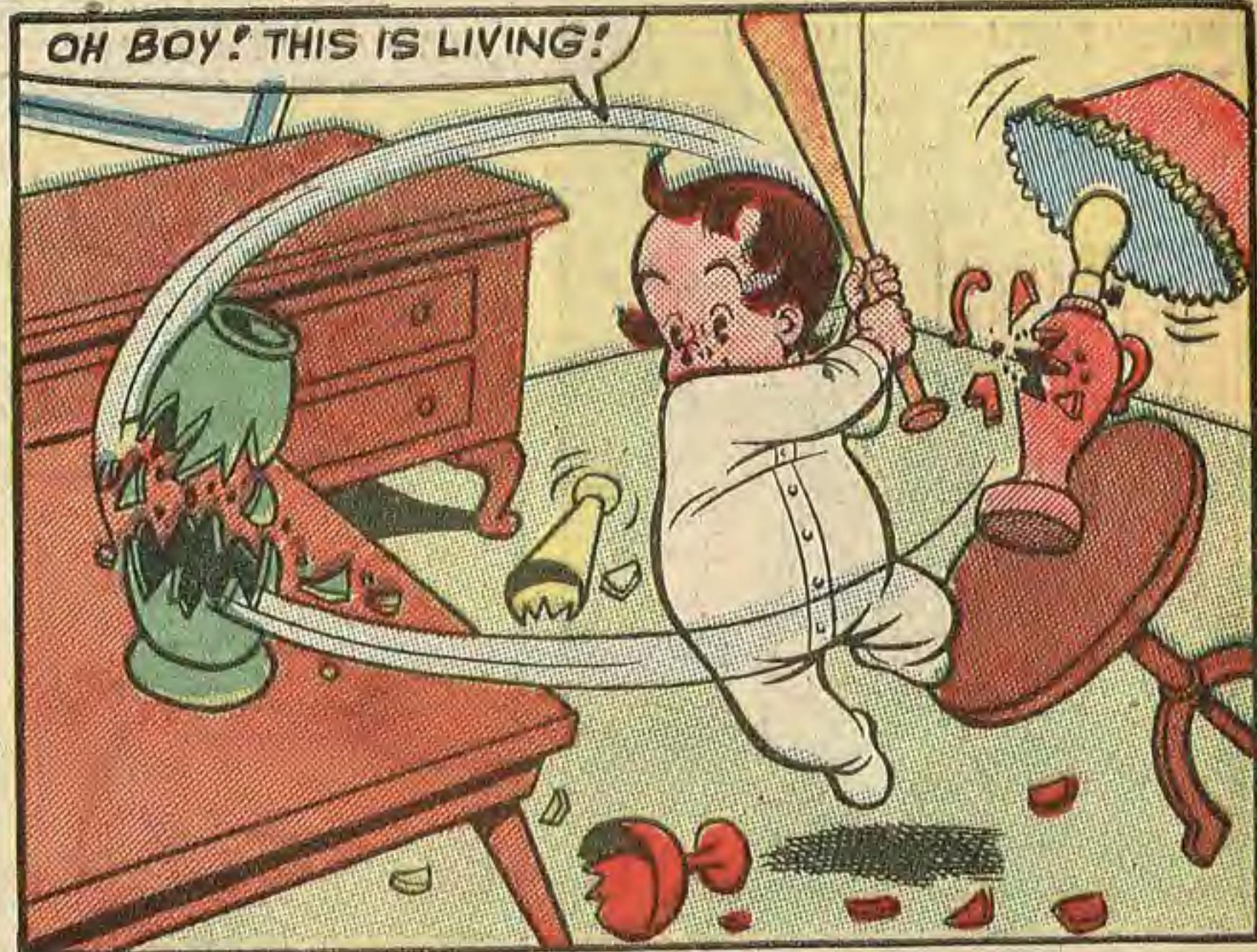
DON'T WORRY! ONE LOOK FROM ME AND HE'LL OBEY!



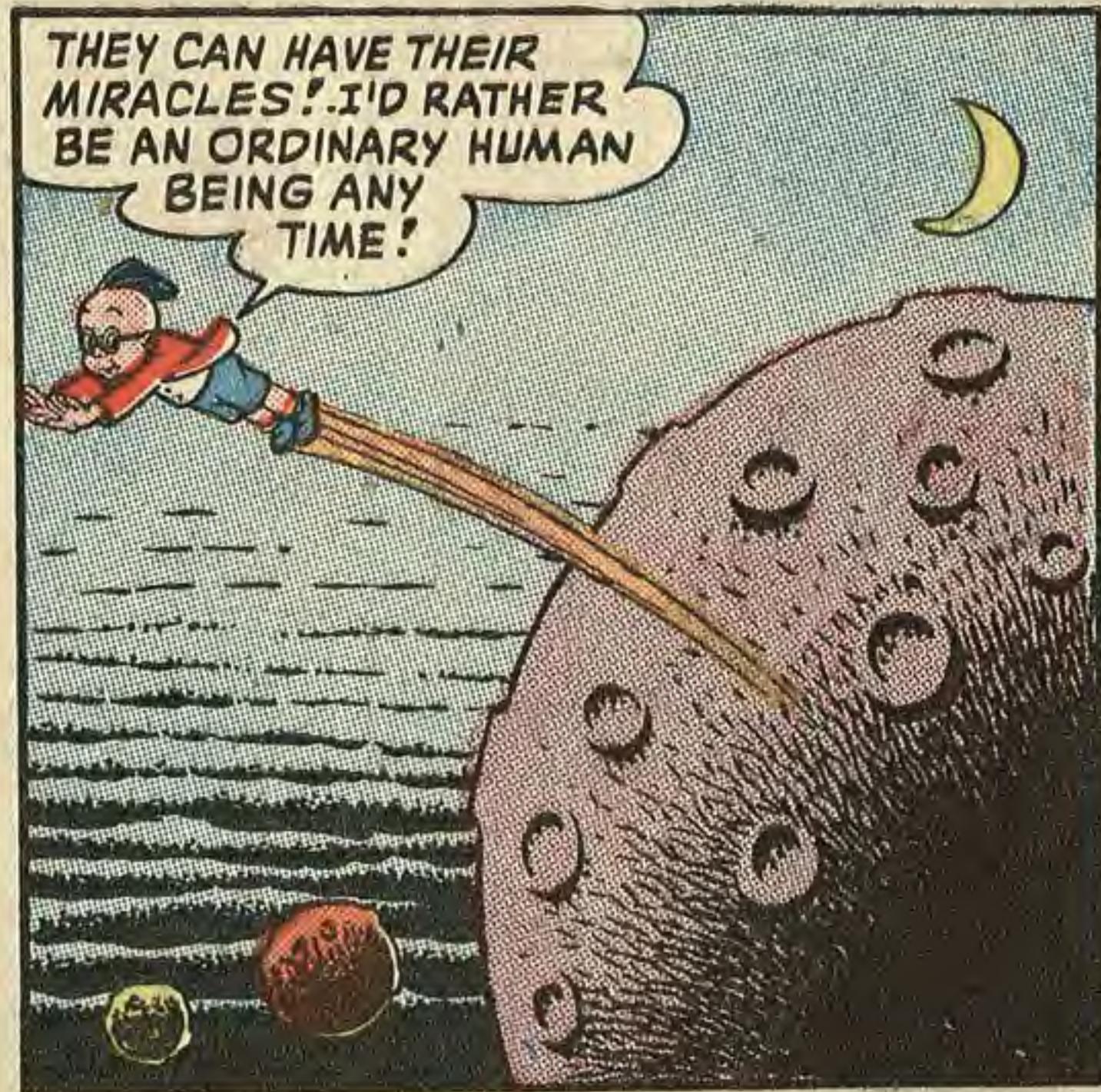
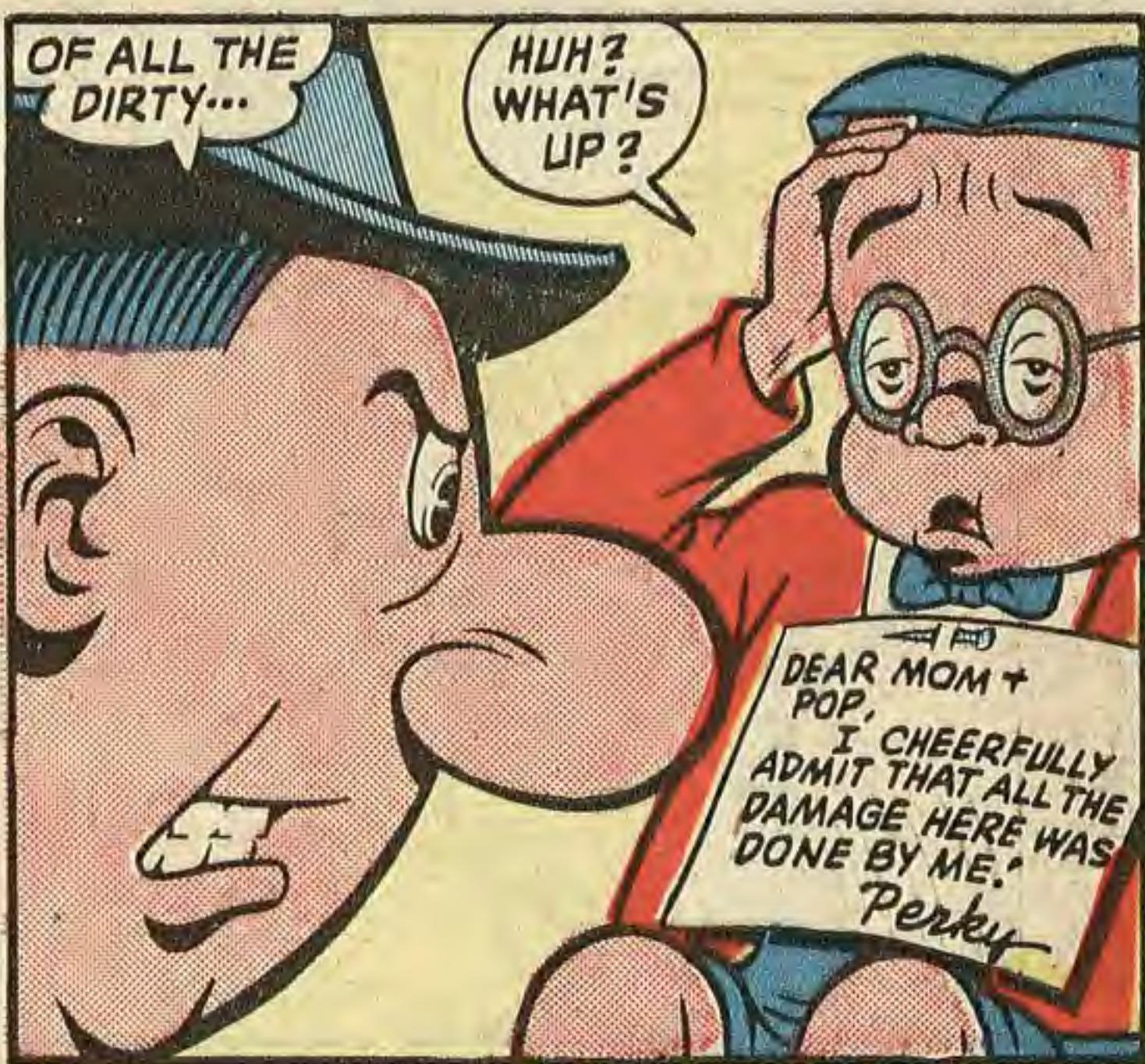
WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, LITTLE MAN?



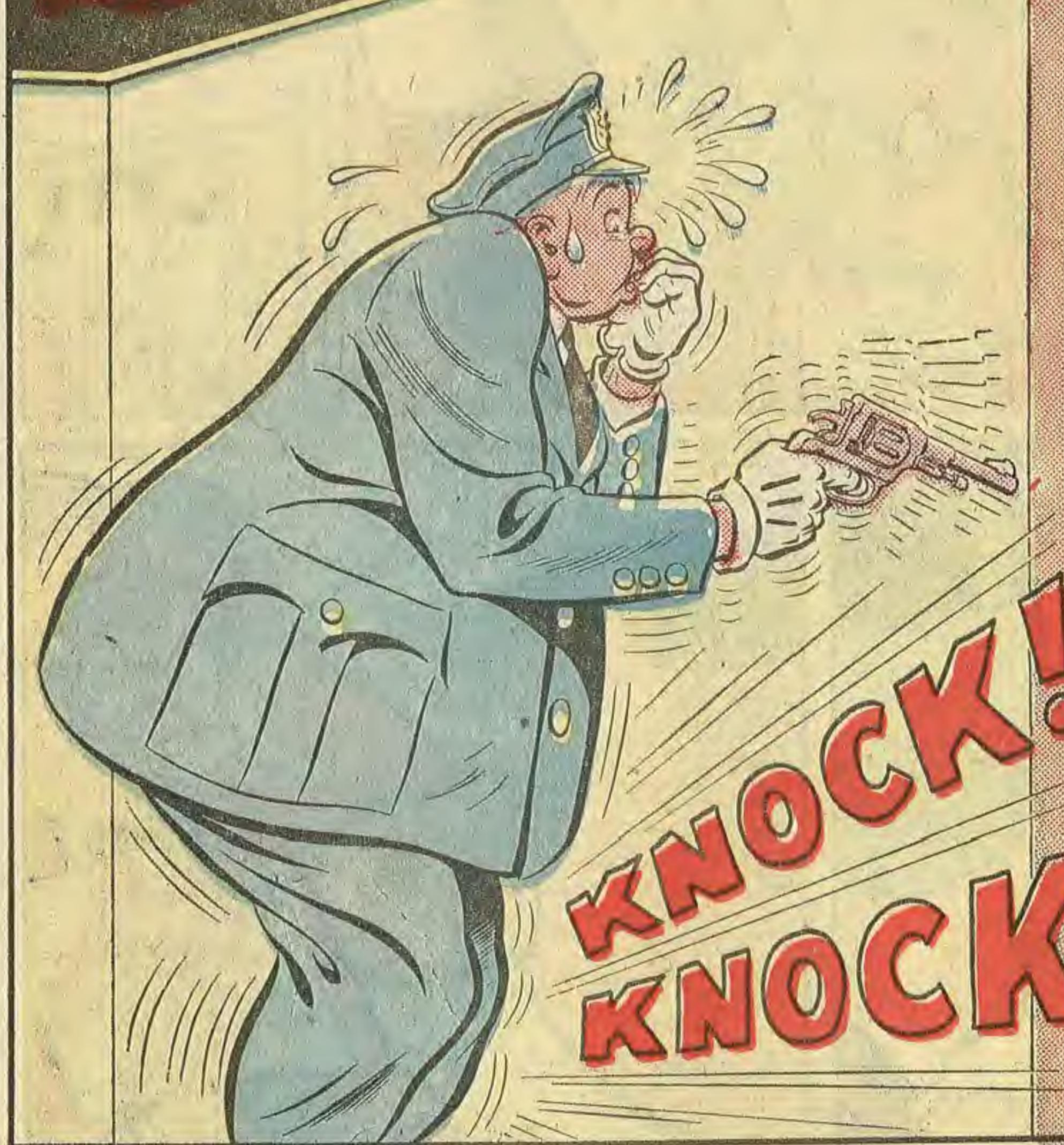
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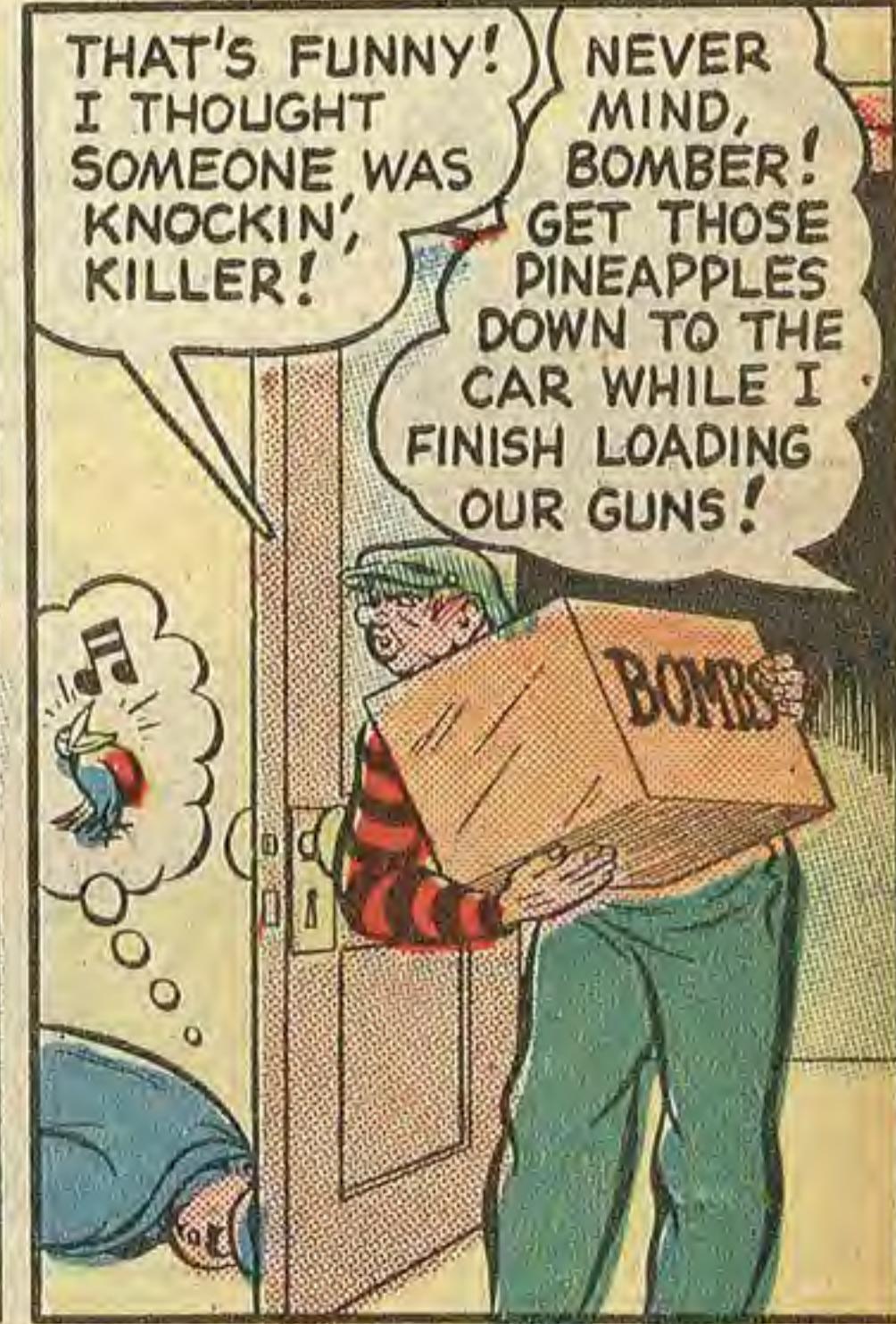
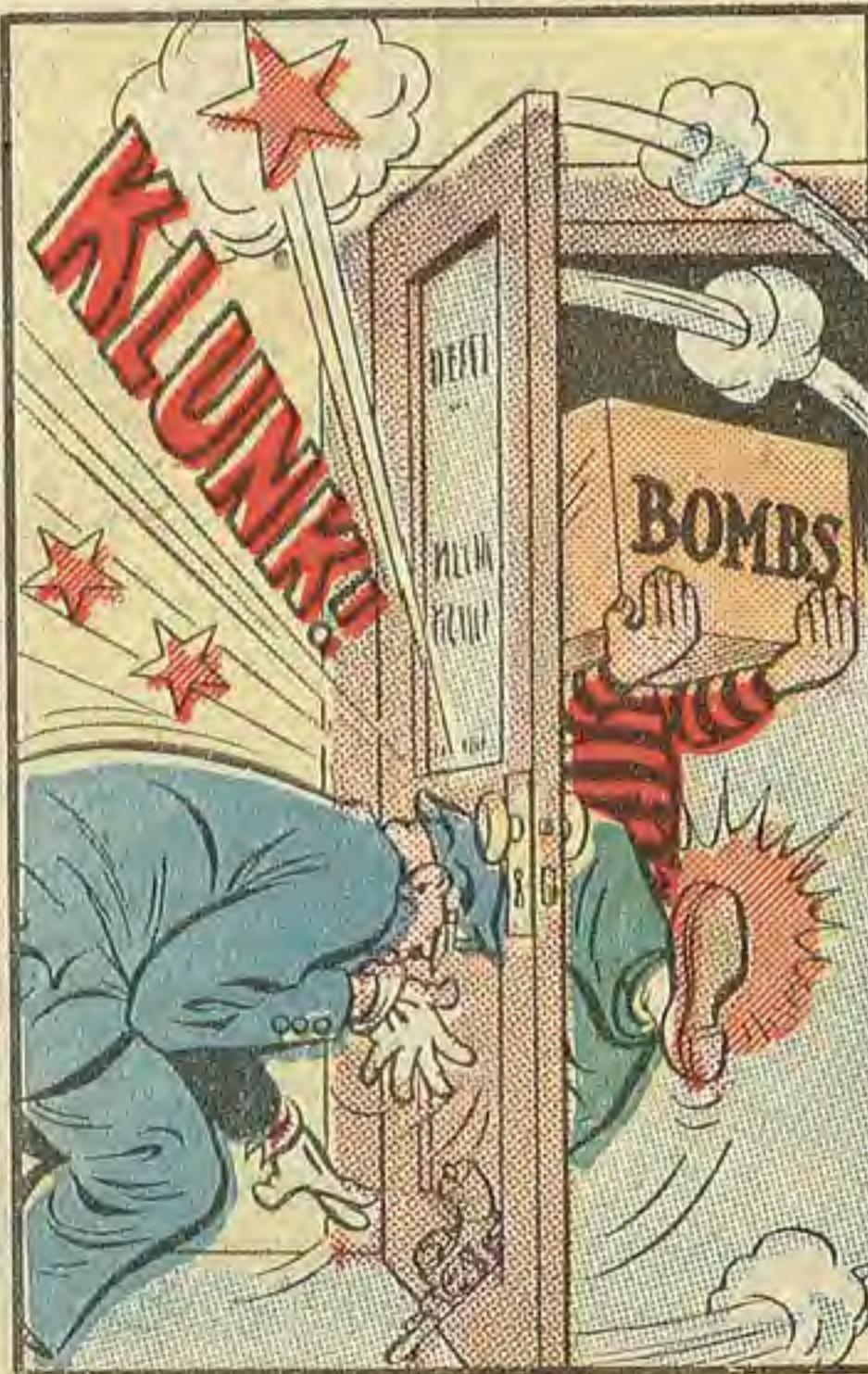
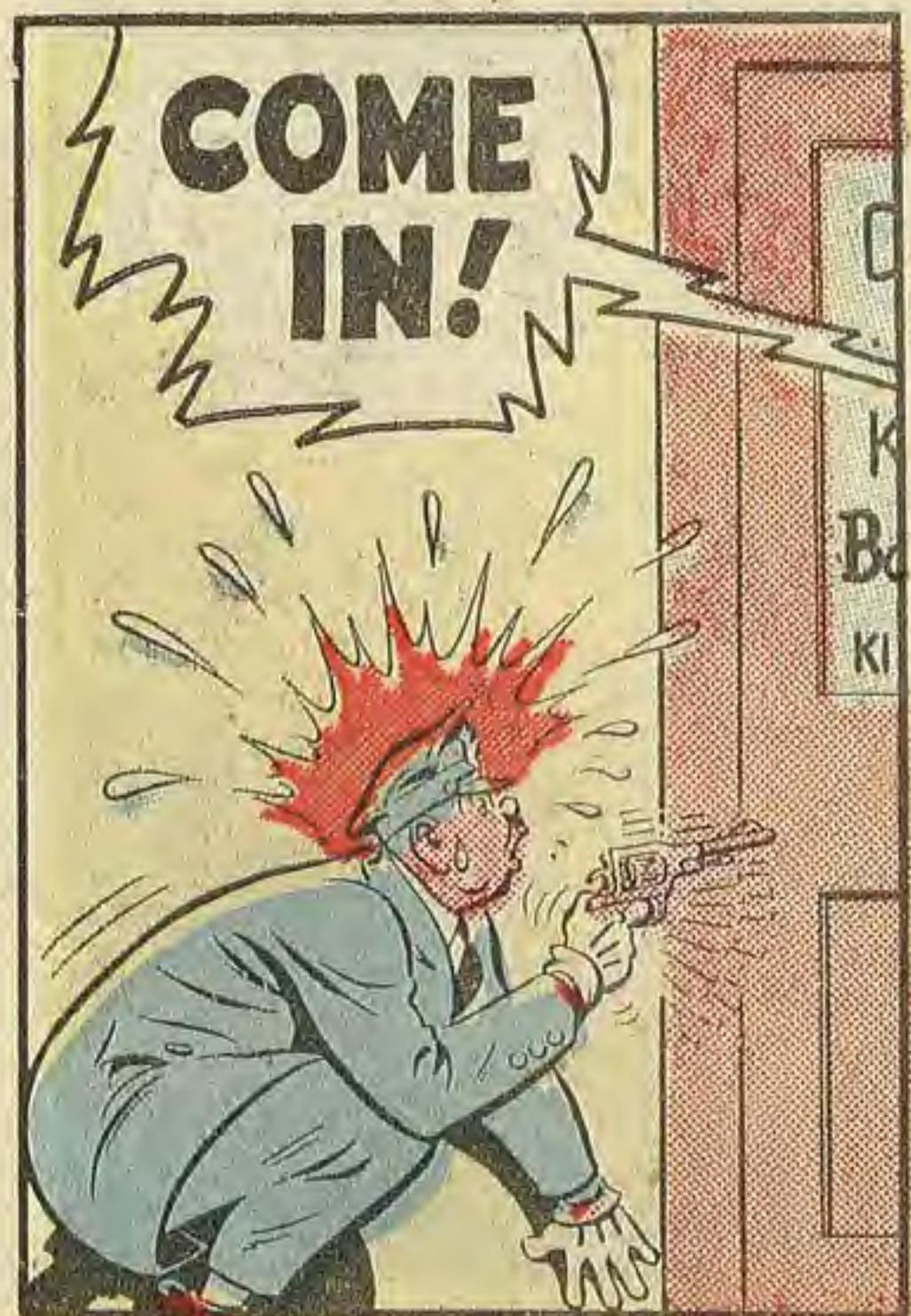
SHENANIGAN



DEATH
INC.

Killinos,
Bombings

KILLER DILLER, PRES.



FEATURE COMICS

At Police Headquarters...

SEND IN MY ACE
POLICEWOMAN,
**HELEN
HIGHWATER!**

WANTED

HAVE YOU
SEEN THIS
MAN?

WHAT'S
UP,
CHIEF?

KILLER DILLER AND
BOMBER BROWN ARE
OUT OF PRISON!
THEY'VE BEEN SEEN
NEAR THIRD
AND RIVER STREETS!

THIRD AND RIVER
STREETS? WHY...
THAT'S **OFFICER
SHENANIGAN'S
BEAT!**

YES,
AND THAT
MEANS THE
WHOLE
DISTRICT IS
PRACTICALLY
WITHOUT
POLICE
PROTECTION!

IT IS NOT! SHENANIGAN IS
A FINE, COURAGEOUS,
INTELLIGENT OFFICER!
HE'S JUST A LITTLE
FAT, THAT'S ALL!

YEAH...
ESPECIALLY
IN THE
HEAD!

I WANT YOU TO
LOCATE AND SHADOW
THESE EX-CONVICTS!
GIVE ME A FULL
REPORT ON THEIR
ACTIVITIES!

I'M ON
MY WAY,
CHIEF!

Teamster...

YA GOT TH' GUNS
LOADED, KILLER?

DE
Kil.
Bombers

YEAH! BETTER
TAKE THE REST
OF THESE
BOMBS!

LET'S
GO!

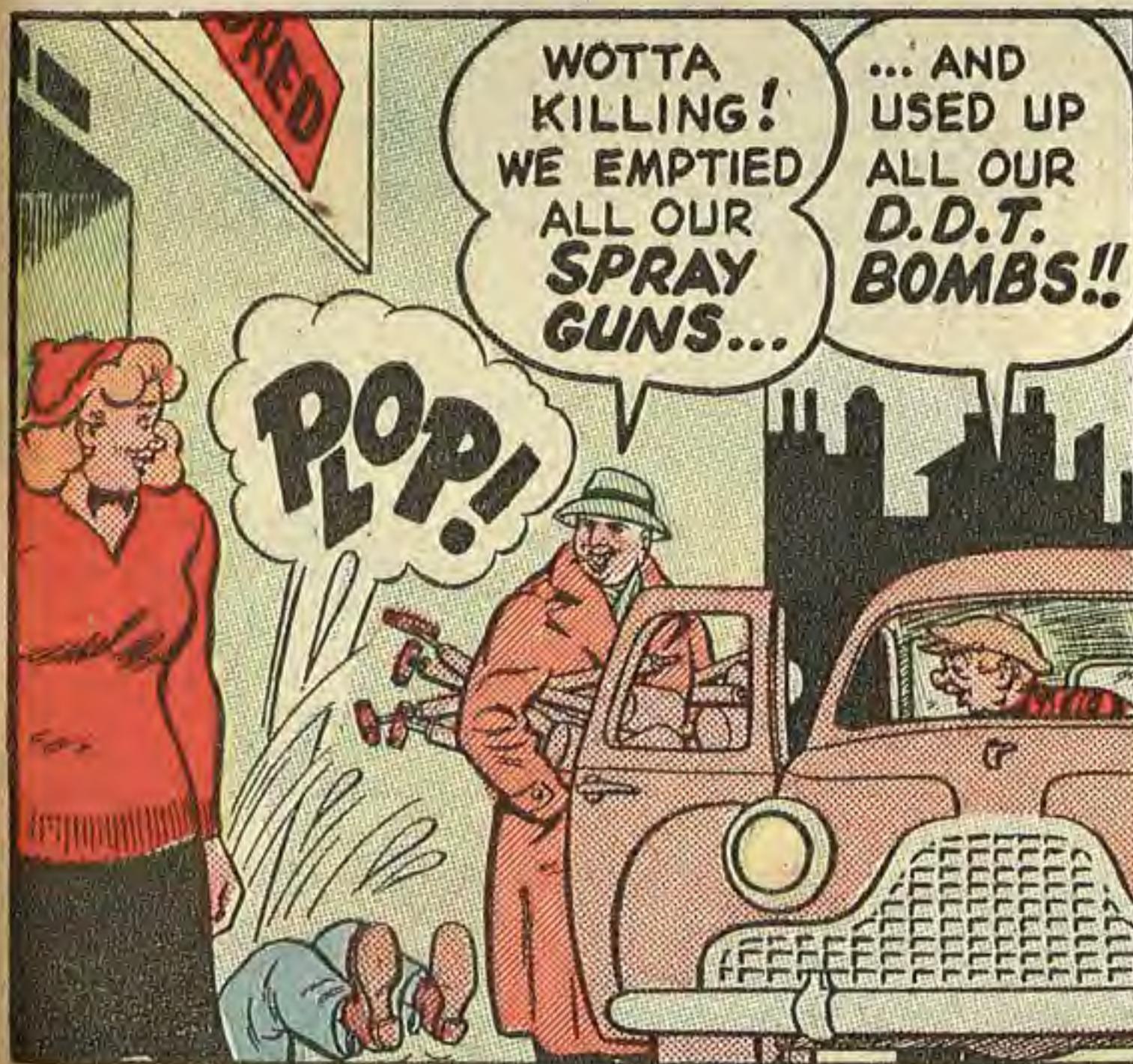
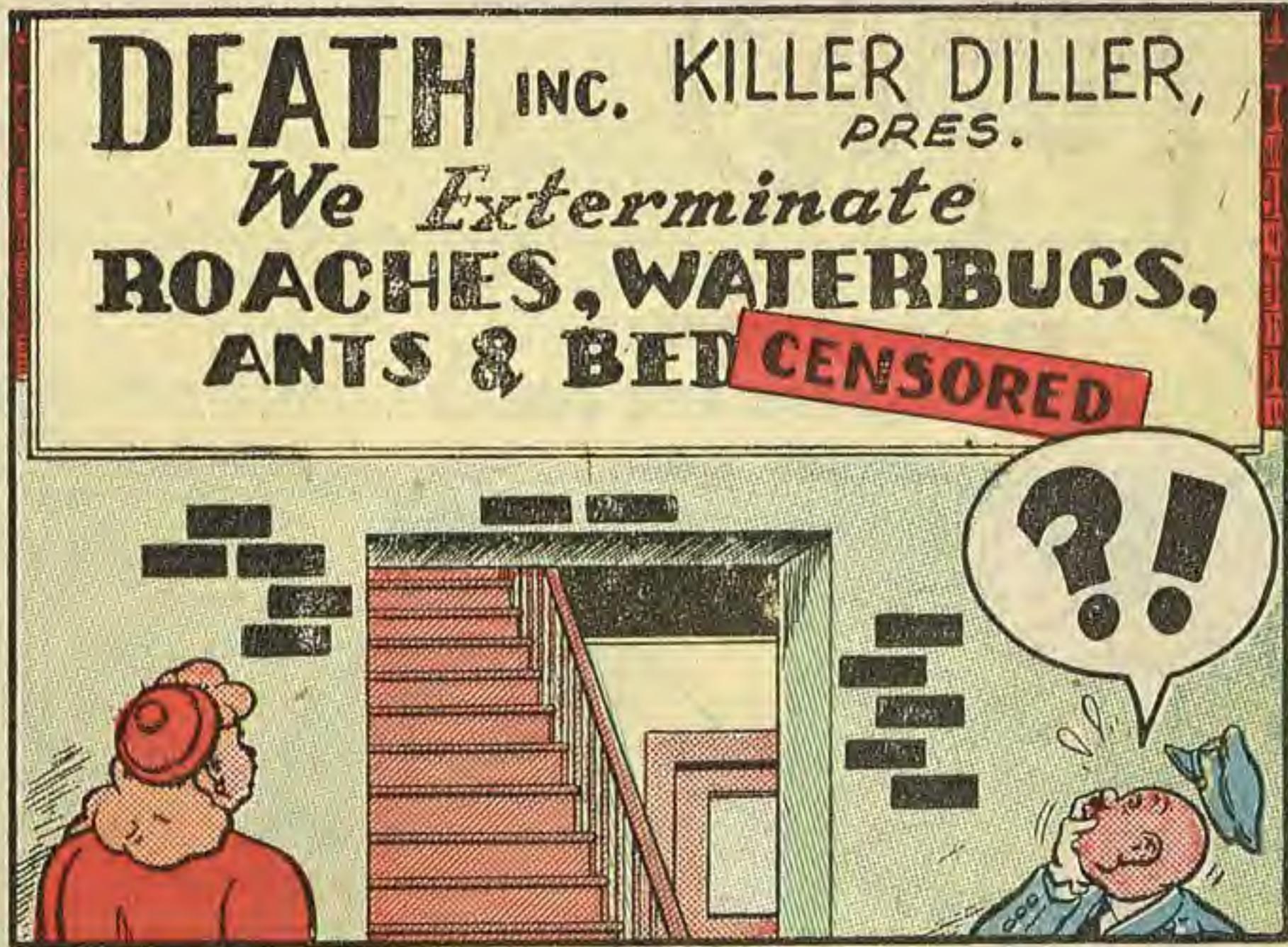
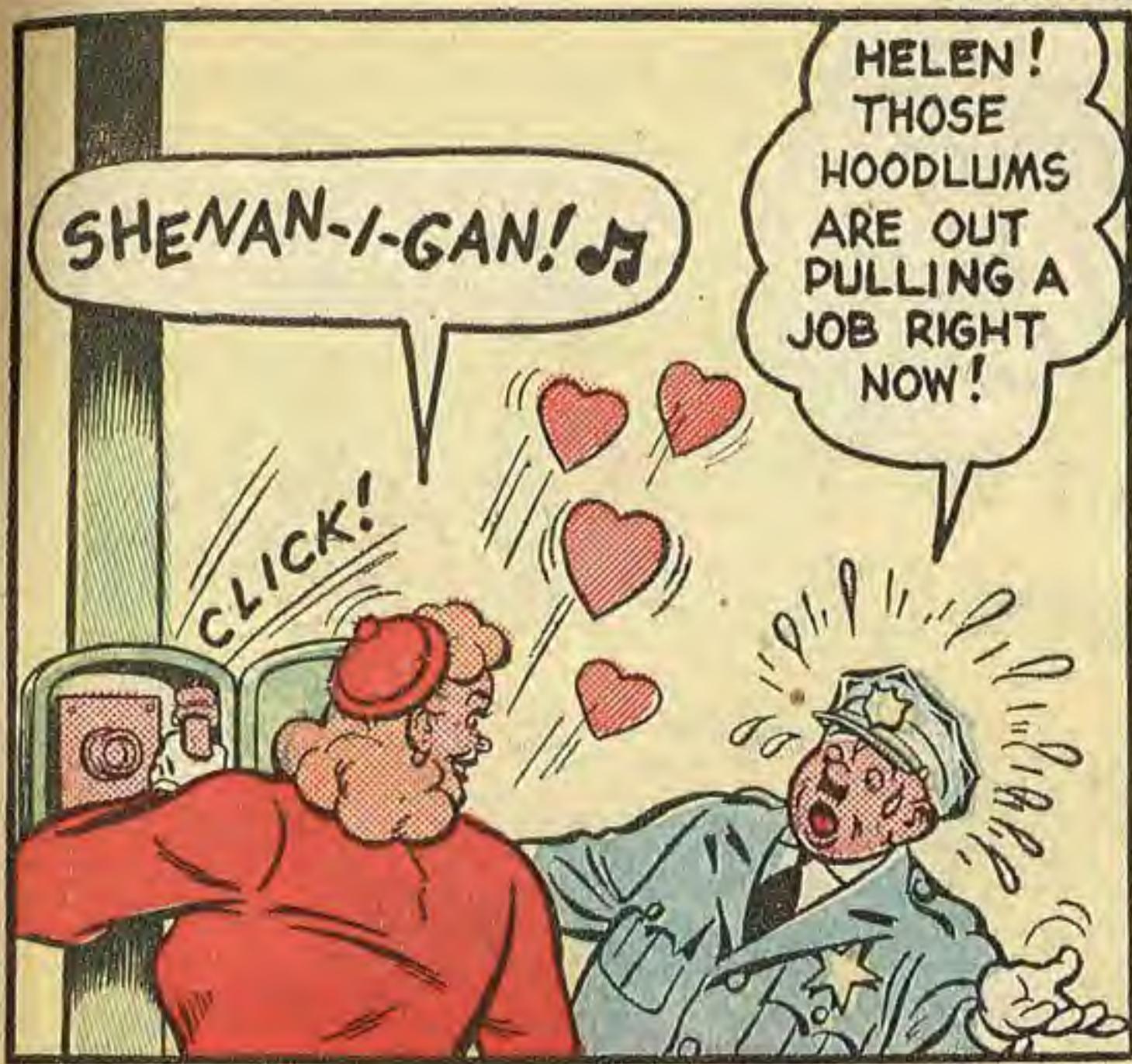
BOMBS



FEATURE COMICS



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WOW!

LOOK AT JOE GO ON
HIS NEW BIKE!



SURE,
IT'S GOT A NEW
Bendix
COASTER BRAKE!

DAD SAYS BENDIX
MAKES BRAKES FOR CARS,
TRUCKS AND
PLANES, TOO!

NO WONDER JOE'S
BIKE PEDALS EASIER,
COASTS LONGER AND
STOPS QUICKER!

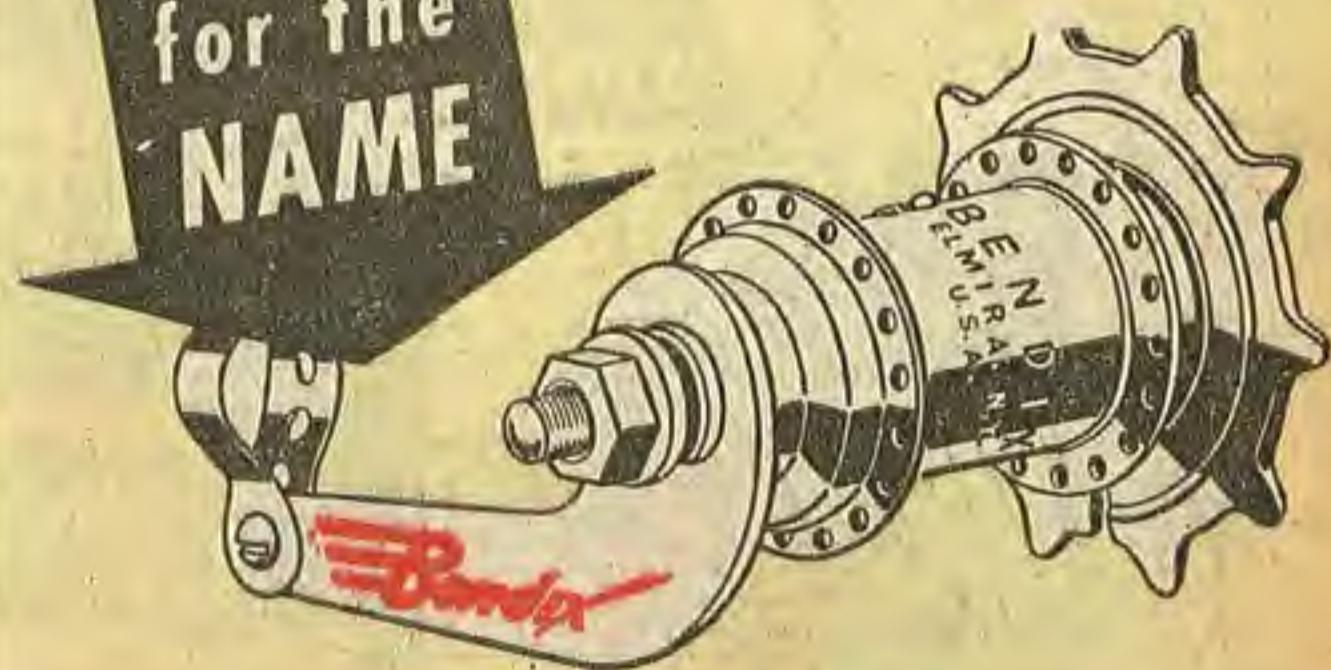


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The day you enroll, I start sending you EXTRA MONEY booklets. You LEARN Radio and Television principles from my easy-to-grasp, step-by-step illustrated lessons. You PRACTICE with parts I send. You USE your know-how to make extra money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time. From here, it's a short step to your own shop or a good pay Radio job.

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TRAINING
UNDER
G. I. BILL

I TRAINED THESE MEN

Has Own Radio Business

"Now have two Radio shops, servicing about 200 sets a month. Highly successful our first full year." — ARLEY STUDYVIN, DeSoto, Missouri.



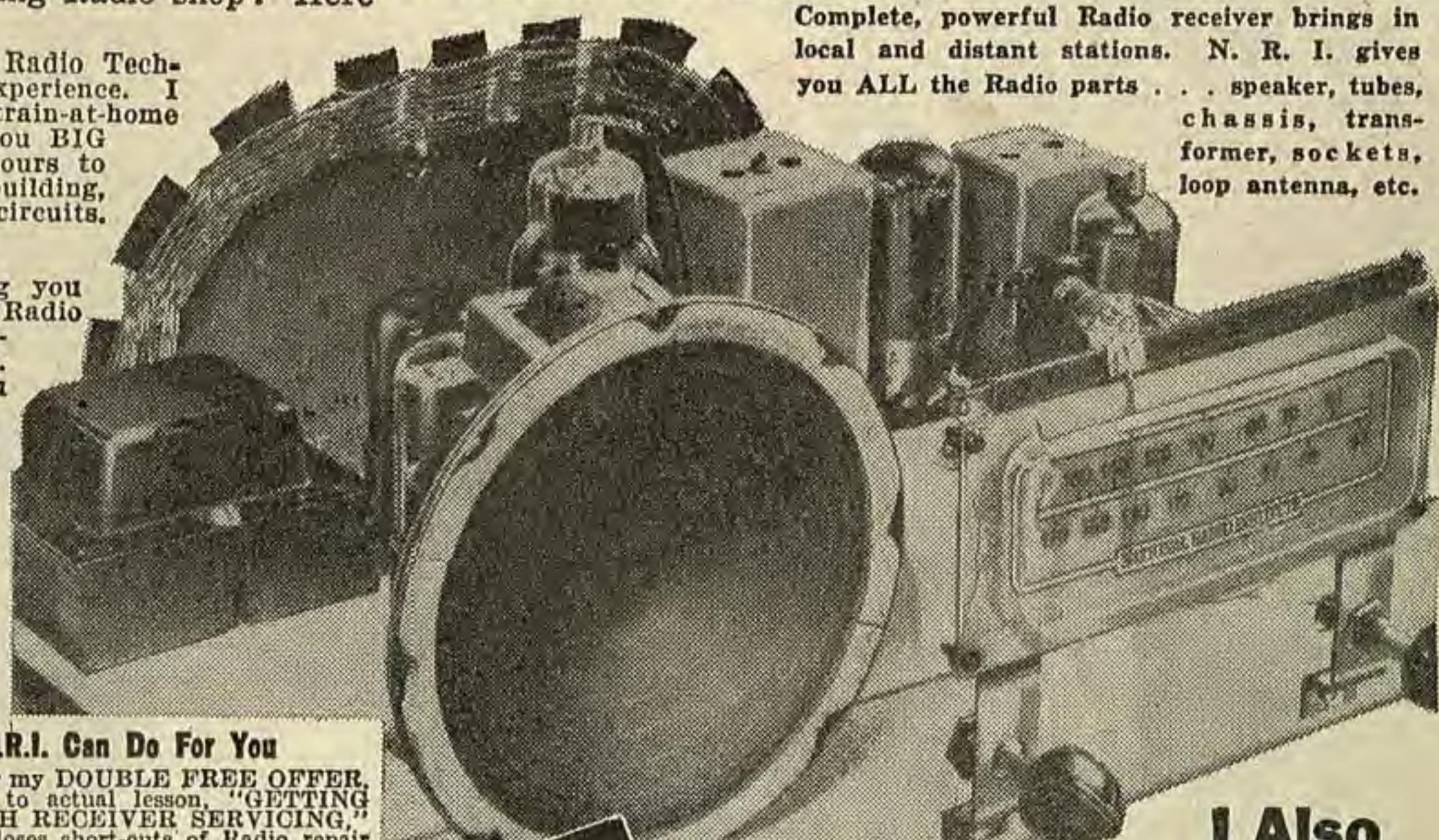
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"Earned enough spare time cash to pay for my Course by time I graduated. N. R. I. training is tops!" — ALEXANDER KISH, Carteret, New Jersey.

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Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

Check If Veteran

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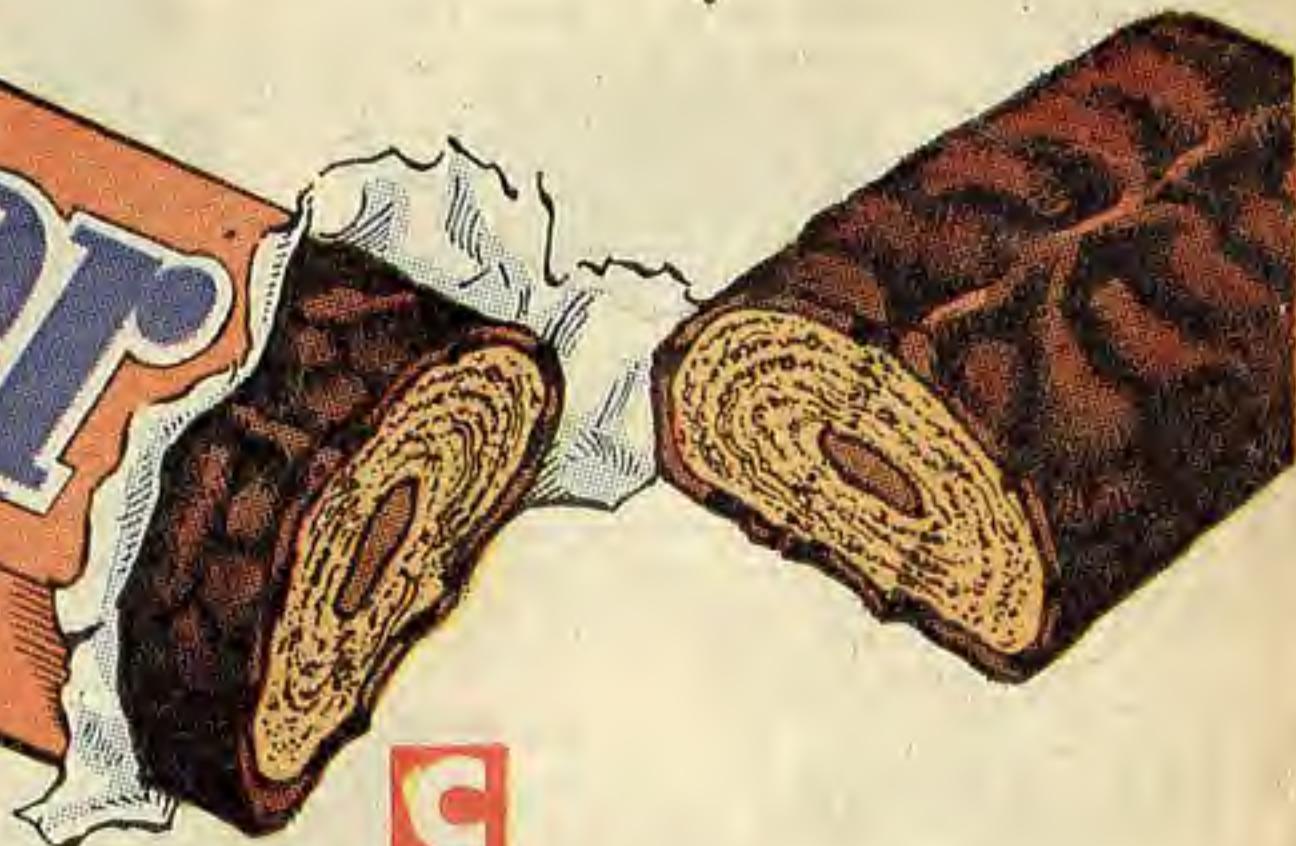


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